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VOLUME LXII. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, JANUARY 18, 1894. NUMBER 5.

Poetry.

TO RILEY.

I hev shet your book, Jim Riley,
An' with it shet my eyes
Jose ter swim a blessed minnit
In the summer of yer skies.
I kin feel the breath of June-time
A-playin' on my face
That takes me back in mem'ry
To my mother's dear ole place.

When yer talk about the old time
It's as sweet as kingdom come,
An' I'm glad you've written, Riley,
On "Poems Here at Home."
I've felt like doin' it myself
But I couldn't find the time,
An' somehow, when I hed the thoughts
I couldn't make 'em rhyme.

chu hear the pewee 'rpin'
wate le bobs upon the 'sh,
all comes back so 'ncheral
in the thank you for it, Jim;
freshi heerd the children singing
posingneysuckle time,
upon t uk their voices' musi
solved de it inter rhyme.

long a rouzeled in the clover
hand aghed out loud in glee
hand, anny story told it
the te courtin' bumbly-bee;
Sisera weerd the trees a-whisp'rin,
the ham w the putty meanin'
the hea ple of the brook.
stroke, wi
and she gyer book, Jim Riley,
struggled shet my eyes
she struck am a-swimmin'
in-chief of mer's meller skies.
dead. at yer, Riley,
yer will be

Meanwhile heart
mother sich eternity.
wealth ang ford, in Kansas City Star.
waiting fo

TOM'S ASLEEP.

expects h
this moth fo' de cannon's roah
dow exp thro'out de lan',
his charl dat, some time befo'
ed with wuz free man;
ments ine stick o' slav'ry, kase
slaved bar' on de case,
windo happy in dem days—
wate an' come out o' place.

She about de early spring,
'ven plantin' time had come;
nen birds begin to chirp an' sing,
An' honey bees to hum,
Marse Tom would beckon wid his han'
An say, "Now, Lud, you keep
De chillun quiet, understan',
I'm gwine tu go tu sleep."

De couch wuz near de winer whar'
De breeze cud tech his face,
An' when Marse Tom was sleepin', dar
Wuz quiet 'bout de place;
De little niggahs go 'way down
De holler fur to play,
An' ef dey cum too close aroun'
You heah some o' dem say,
"Marse Tom's asleep."

When summer come, an' 'long in June,
When all de fields wuz green,
De dinner done, an' arfternoon,
Dey all know what dat mean;
Ole Miss she teck her work upstairs,
Miss Jane she hol' her go,
Marse Tom would drap de farmin' cares,
An' party soon you'd know
Marse Tom's asleep.

I'se sottin' here dis summer day,
De same place I wuz bawn,
But forty years have slid away,
An' all de folks is gone.
Marse Paul was kilt at Shiloh, an'
Miss Janie—I don' know
Whar she is now—I understan'
She's married long ago;
Dat graveyard in de meddler wide
Whar all de lyves creep,
It holds ole Miss, an' by her side—
Marse Tom's asleep.
—J. T. Ellis, in The Southern States.

FESTIVITY.

Of that little group of happy friends
That, when life was young and new,
Lived, loved, laughed and jested together,
All have grown old—save you.
Our faces are marked with the lines of age,
Our hair has grown thin and gray,
Our steps are slower, our hopes are fewer,
And cares are our guests—that stay.

But you—ah! you are forever young—
Not a day o'er your face has passed,
Age has not stolen a single grace,
Nor a charm since I saw you last.
The bloom on your cheek, the gleam on your hair,
The smile on your lips—the clear,
Glad, innocent laugh, are just the same
That I used to see and hear.

What is the spell you have laid on Time,
Its ravage and blight to arrest?
What keeps you forever so young, fresh, gay,
While we are so old and depressed?
Ah, me! 'tis simple, so simple, so sad—
It was but a shadow, a breath,
That at fifteen years passed over you—
And the spell of that shadow was Death.
—W. W. Story, in Pall Mall Gazette.

Miscellany.

A FAIR KLEPTOMANIAC.

The Doctors All Agreed That It Was a Severe Case.

There lately called upon Professor Caesar Lombroso, of the University of Turin, a well-dressed, pleasant-mannered young man, who represented that his wife was the victim of an extreme case of kleptomania, public shops, private houses, her own house even being open fields to her in which to lay hands on the belongings of others.

Previous medical treatment had failed; the aid of the great doctor was solicited. By appointment the patient, a beautiful and engagingly frank young woman, was brought to Lombroso's office the next day. But while consultation was in progress between the distressed husband and the doctor they detected the fair patient appropriating a gold statuette and a photograph framed in brilliants, and finally in the act of bidding the doctor good-day she relieved him of a valuable scarf-pin.

In an aside the distressed husband said: "You see for yourself how possessed she is with the thieving instinct. I will bring you back all the missing articles to-morrow at any hour you may appoint, when you will kindly give me your opinion of the case and advise me what to do."

The failure of the heart-broken man to appear with the valuables on the morrow, and the fact that a fair proportion of the physicians of the South of France and most of Italy are also patiently waiting to advise him how to treat his afflicted wife, who "borrowed" valuables of them also, leads Dr. Lombroso to the conviction that this was rather the most unique case of kleptomania yet brought to his notice.

The Servant Was Willing.

A lady, whose Christian name was Jane, and who had a little daughter named for her, was engaging a housemaid, whose named also proved to be Jane.

Knowing that the preponderance of the one name in the household would occasion confusion, she said to the maid—a tall, angular spinster, with high cheek bones and angular features—

"I believe that it would be better for us all if I called you by your last name, if you do not object."

"Shure and I have no objections, mum. You can call me by my last name."

"But you have not told me your last name yet."

"Sure and my last name is Darling."
—New York Herald.

The Beauty of It.

Some men never grow tired of admiring their wives, and one of these whose wife was a handsome girl was recently showing a friend of his a new house they had just moved into.

"I can't say I admire the house," said the friend, candidly, as they looked at it from the front gate.

"Well, there's one beauty about it," said the owner.

"Where?"

"On the inside."

"What is it?"

"My wife." And after that it seemed to the friend that the whole place was beautiful.—Detroit Free Press.

Impossible.

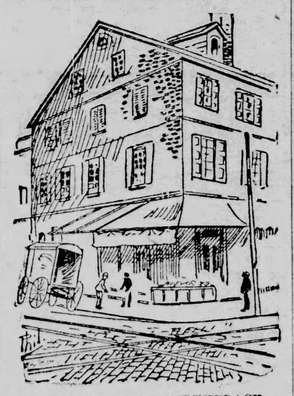
Saint Peter (graciously)—Make yourself at home.

New Arrival (bitterly)—I can't! I'm from Boston.—Kate Field's Washington.

AN ACTOR'S BIRTHPLACE.

Quaint Philadelphia Home of Joe Jefferson.

At the southwest corner of Sixth and Spruce streets, in Philadelphia, stands the house shown in the accompanying illustration. It is a roomy three-story brick dwelling, with a high attic, a structure of the genuine old Quaker City type—green shutters, marble steps and all. In architecture it is unmistakably colonial, but time has wrought many changes, and what was once the parlor is now a sales-room for Florentine easie. Curious clay busts and quaint groups peer through the windows of the erstwhile



JOE JEFFERSON'S BIRTHPLACE.

bed-rooms, in one of which Joseph Jefferson first saw the light in 1829, nearly 65 years ago.

The brick pavement, which, in common with all good Philadelphia matrons, his mother used to scrub and wash as a sacred duty every morning, is now encumbered with odds and ends, overflow of the shop mentioned, while a portly Italian woman turns an honest penny with a chestnut and banana stand at the curb.

It was in 1826 Joseph Jefferson, the second, met and married Cornelia Burke, the widow of Thomas Burke, a well-known Irish comedian of that day, and herself a popular singer and dancer. Mrs. Burke was nearly a decade older than Joseph Jefferson, who was barely of age when he married, and she already had one child by her former husband, called Charles Burke, who, like his father, afterward achieved success in comedy.

Immediately after the marriage, Joseph Jefferson rented the house on Spruce street, and here young Joe, now our old Joe, was born three years later. Coming from a long line of actors on his father's side, as well as inheriting talent from his mother, Joseph Jefferson, third, very early made his début on the public. It is said his first appearance was at the age of four, in Philadelphia. Certain it is he played in New York in 1837 with both his parents and half-brother, Charles Burke.—New York Herald.

HEIRS CLAIM $65,000,000.

Part of the Estate in the Bank of England.

The descendants of William Penn in this vicinity are just now busily engaged in pressing their claims to money and land representing a value of $65,000,000. These Penns claim $10,000,000 from the Bank of England, and $50,000,000 worth of land in the state of Pennsylvania, including acres and acres of ground in the very heart of Philadelphia, upon part of which ground the big Pennsylvania railroad station stands. The evidence on which the demand against the Bank of England is based is an old bank book, alleged to have been passed down from the progenitor of the family. This bank book is declared to be now in the possession of Stephen Penn, whose address in London it has been found impossible to obtain. This Stephen is alleged to be a broker, and is said to have wrongfully obtained possession of the bank book in 1871, and to have drawn $400,000 interest on the $10,000,000 deposit since that time. He, it is claimed, obtained the book from Mary Vyon, an aunt of Mrs. Sorrell, of Elizabeth, a descendant of Penn, who married a Frenchman. At her death in 1871, it is said, the voucher for the big sum of money should have come to Eliza Sorrell, of Elizabeth, who is now 85 years old. The only other known descendants of William Penn are Stephen Penn of England, William Penn and wife Eliza of 80 Thirteenth avenue, this city; David E. Penn of 468 Orange road, Montclair; Charles Penn of Brooklyn; Susan Tyrell, of 442 Main street, East Orange, and Robert Penn, a farmer.

The only other piece of evidence which is put forward as a basis of the Penns' claim is a curious old book that was written by William Penn while imprisoned in the Tower of London. The old book is entitled, "No Cross, No Crown." It is in the possession of William, who guards it with jealous reverence. A diary kept by the founder after his coming to America is in the hands of Eliza Penn, of Elizabeth.

Mrs. Eliza Penn, of Sorrell, is now on a visit to her daughter in this city. She is said to be the oldest living heir, and the bank book now in the possession of her cousin Stephen, she declares, should rightfully belong to her. The book, she says, was taken away from her aunt, Mrs. Vyon, several years before her death, 23 years ago. Her aunt drew interest on the bank account, as did her father, and Mrs. Sorrell says Stephen is doing the same now. The latter is also about 85 years old.—Newark (N. J.) Correspondence to Philadelphia Record.

A DOG THAT SMOKES.

"Denver Dan" Is a Pug That Is Fond of Tobacco.

Is that dog real, or only an automatic one?

The question was asked of I. Metzger, who keeps a cigar store on Lenox avenue, near One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, yesterday, in reference to a pug dog that was complacently sitting in the window, with a lighted cigarette in his mouth, every now and then puffing on it and allowing the smoke to pass out through his front teeth, says the New York Journal.

Mr. Metzger explained that the dog was alive, and calling out "Dan!" the dog jumped down from his position in the window and came toward him.

Mr. Metzger said that the dog's name is "Denver Dan," and that he was presented to him by a Western friend who went to Europe last summer.

The precocious pug is seven months old, and not only smokes, but is also addicted to chewing tobacco.

"Dan" saves the small cigarette stumps and places them in a cigar box behind the counter, and when ever he has five or six stumps in the box, he breaks them open or has his owner to do it for him, and then, taking the tobacco on his tongue, chews it.

His owner then told one of the gentlemen who were in the store to take a cigarette from his pack and light it. The young man did so, and the moment the dog heard the opening of the box he jumped down from the chair and started over to the smoker with the lighted cigarette. The man stooped down and gave the dog a cigarette and the performance was repeated. When the cigarette had been lighted and stuck between his teeth the dog allows it to burn without a change until it burns to within an inch of his mouth and then places it in his box.

The Real State of Her Feelings.

He—You seem to be thinking hard. She—I was.
He—Of me?
She—Why, no. Timmid! I just couldn't think hard of you.—Indianapolis Journal.

A Tip to Poets.

Chaucer hated to correct his own verses, and said that the ergsure of a line half a day's cutting away one's own flesh.

OLD-TIME VIRGINIA FOX-HUNTING

The Twenty-Four Hours' Run of a Hound and Fox.

"We had some memorable fox chases down in the Brandywine region when I was a young man," said a Scrantonian to a Sun reporter. "Every farmer kept a pack of hounds and one or two hunting horses, and it was not an unusual thing for a fox to be chased by 40 or 50 hounds and a score of men and women on horseback. The hunts began just before the holidays and continued once or twice a week until March. None of the huntsmen ever shot a fox, and it was a local saying that the more the foxes were chased the better they liked to live around there, and the thicker they became. If an outsider had the audacity to kill a fox with a shotgun or rifle, he was hooted out of the neighborhood and made to understand that it wouldn't be well for him to show up again. The farmers chased foxes for the excitement and sport alone, and if the hounds caught a fox and tore it to pieces it was all right. Many of the runs were after foxes we had dug out of holes and turned loose, with a start of half an hour, but occasionally we put the hounds on the track of a fox that had apparently been lurking around in the expectation of being chased.

"One of the most amusing features of the hunts was the antics and tribulations of the young hounds. Whenever the leaders lost the scent and were circling around to pick it up, the young hounds would lie down and carefully nurse their tender feet, but the moment the leaders began to yelp out that they had recovered the track the inexperienced dogs gave tongue and were up and away as though they amounted to something in the search of the fox. When completely tired out and footsore, the young hounds would lie for hours in the field where they had fallen by the wayside and would whine and howl till they plucked up enough courage to get up and hobble toward home.

"The greatest worriment we had was over the loss of valuable hounds. At the end of an unusually long chase, especially when the fox had taken it into his head to turn off into another township or county, some one's best hound was generally missing. Sometimes the hound would return to his owner in the course of a week, but more frequently a good hound was never heard from, even though the owner advertised a reward for its return. Why a fox will hole up in certain kinds of weather before he has been chased half a day, and why, in certain other kinds of weather he will race until he dies before he will run to cover, I have never heard explained satisfactorily.

"Thad Snyder, a lean Marylander, was the greatest fox chaser in the Brandywine country. Snyder never rode a horse behind the hounds, but he took part in nearly every chase we had for several years. He always went on foot, and if the chase lasted long enough he would be sure to outwind all the horses and a good share of the hounds. Snyder knew the foxes' runways, and the knowledge enabled him to cut off the distances in keeping up with the hounds. He was almost invariably with them at the death, but he never laid claim to the brush. He ran with the hounds because he liked to, and the brush always went to the first horseman or woman to arrive after the dogs had caught the fox.

"Snyder's most remarkable fox chase took place in February, 1855. More than twenty hounds and a dozen riders started after the fox in the early morning, the ground being bare and frozen. The fox followed the regular runways until about 11 o'clock, when he left the neighborhood and set out for the northwest. By noon all the riders gave up the chase, but Snyder didn't. After dark the hounds began to come hobbling home, one at a time, all tuckered out, and by midnight every hound but one had returned to the kennell. The missing hound didn't turn up during the night, and neither did Snyder. A searching party started out in the morning, traced Snyder for twenty miles, and then returned.

"Along in the evening Snyder came back in a wagon, as sound as a nut. He brought the hound with him, but it was dead. Snyder had chased the hound all day and night. Soon after daylight he got sight of the fox and hound in a large meadow below him. Both animals were crawling along as though on their last legs. They were only a few feet apart, and the hound went no faster than the fox did. Snyder was so nearly played out that he couldn't run, and while he was watching the weary pair the fox crept through a rail fence and lay down. The hound staggered up to the fence and also lay down, and when Snyder got to the spot both were dead. It was 57 miles from where the fox had been started, and Snyder must have traveled 100 miles in the 24 hours."

CZAR'S ELDEST DAUGHTER.

Grand Duchess Xenia, It is Said, Will Marry Archduke Ferdinand.

The Grand Duchess Xenia Alexandrovna, who, according to a report current in Vienna, is to shortly be betrothed to Archduke Franz Ferdinand, heir to the throne of Austria, is the Czar's eldest and his favorite daughter. She was born April 6, 1875. Every one recognizes in her a strong resemblance to her mother. Her education has been entirely at home, where her studious disposition

GRAND DUCHESS XENIA, OF RUSSIA.

has earned for her the pet name of "the philosopher," given her by the Czar. Although not pretty, the Grand Duchess Xenia has an amiable disposition and is much loved by those who come in contact with her.

As she stands third in succession to the Russian throne, there has been much talk about her marriage, many of the nobles belonging to the peace party being in favor of a union with some Hohenzollern prince, while others prefer an alliance with a neutral power.

Much significance may be attached to this alliance between Russia and a nation belonging to the triple alliance and it is safe to say that the news has been most unwelcome in Paris, coming, as it does, on the eve of the failure to bring about a union between the czarowitz and the Princess Helene of Orleans. There are those who remember France's extravagant rejoicings over her alleged alliance with Russia and shake their heads with gloomy foregodings.

An Undying Reputation.

"He was the worst dead-beat I ever knew."

"Ran to extremes, did he?"

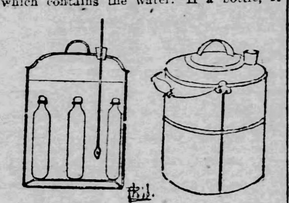
"I should say so! Why, even the undertaker insisted in having his pay in advance."—Truth.

HOW TO STERILIZE THE MILK.

Simple Apparatus Which Will Destroy the Injurious Germs.

At the request of the secretary of Agriculture, the chief of the Bureau of Animal Industry has furnished the following simple directions for the sterilization of milk:

The sterilization of milk for children, now quite extensively practiced in order to destroy the injurious germs which it may contain, can be satisfactorily accomplished with very simple apparatus. The vessel containing the milk, which may be the bottle from which it is to be used or any other suitable vessel, is placed inside of a larger vessel of metal, which contains the water. If a bottle, it



THE APPARATUS.

is plugged with absorbent cotton if this is at hand, or in its absence other clean cotton will answer. A small fruit jar, loosely covered may be used instead of a bottle. The requirements are simply that the interior vessel shall be raised about half an inch above the bottom of the other and that the water shall reach nearly or quite as high as the milk. The apparatus is then heated on a range or stove until the water reaches a temperature of 155 degrees Fahrenheit, when it is removed from the heat and kept tightly covered for half an hour. The milk bottles are then taken out and kept in a cool place. The milk may be used any time within 24 hours. A temperature of 150 degrees maintained for half an hour is sufficient to destroy any germs likely to be present in the milk and it is found in practice that raising the temperature to 155 degrees and then allowing it to stand in the heated water for half an hour answers the proper temperature for the required time. The temperature should not be raised above 155 degrees, otherwise the taste and quality of the milk will be impaired.

The simplest plan is to take a tin pail and invert a perforated tin pie-plate in the bottom, or have made for it a removable false bottom perforated with holes and having legs half an inch high, to allow circulation of the water. The milk bottle is set on this false bottom, and sufficient water is put into the pail to reach the level of the surface of the milk in the bottle. A hole may be punched in the cover of the pail, a cork inserted, and a chemical thermometer put through the cork, so that the bulb dips into the water. The temperature can thus be watched without removing the cover. If preferred an ordinary dairy thermometer may be used and the temperature tested from time to time by removing the lid. This is very easily arranged, and is just as satisfactory as the patented apparatus sold for the same purpose.

PARROTS DRUNK ON CHAMPAGNE

Capt. Pease's Guests Play High Jinks With His House Pets.

Capt. Pease, of the Grand Republic, has four particularly brilliant parrots. One is called Greeny, one is named Topsy, another Beauty and the name of the fourth is Sixty-six. Sixty-six is called by that name because he was presented to his owner on the captain's 66th birthday.

Recently Capt. Pease had a reception at his home in Brooklyn, as reported in the New York World, and among other things, champagne was served. One of the guests offered Sixty-six a glass of the wine, and, to his delight, the bird greedily drank thereof. The parrot couldn't get enough of the champagne, and soon was as drunk as a sailor ashore.

Somebody said to the intoxicated parrot: "Hello, there, Seventy-six!"

"You are a liar! I'm only Sixty-six," the parrot exclaimed over and over again. He called everybody in sight a liar, and explained that he was Sixty-six only when he was treated to more champagne.

Sixty-six made so much fun for the company that it was decided to give the other parrots a drink, too. Soon Greeny, Topsy and Beauty were made merry, and then the birds whooped things up.

Although it was a warm night, Greeny insisted that it was otherwise, and kept exclaiming: "Blew, ain't it cold!" Sixty-six promptly called Greeny a liar.

"Society is all agog!" shouted Topsy. "All agog! All agiggle! All agurgle!"

"Ding, ding," repeated Beauty, whereat Sixty-six shrieked: "Stop'er! Back'er! Stop'er! Man overboard! Go ahead and back'er! I'm a liar! Polly wants a drink! Ah! ha! ha! ha! Hey, there! Murder! Helm's alee! Police! Rats!"

"Bow, wow! Good night! Run home! Come in! Come out! Come off!" sputtered Topsy.

Sixty-six stood on one leg, and, closing his left eye, cocked his head in a knowing manner, and yelled: "I'm eight feet high! Button, button, who's got the cow? You're all wrong! Bing! They're off at Guttenburg! Ah! ha! ha! ha! ha! O, my! Good night! How de do?"

"I never have saw!" shouted Beauty. And Sixty-six instantly announced that it was a falsehood, whatever it was.

"Me, too!" sang out Topsy. At which Greeny cried: "I'm wild you!"

At times the parrots would talk all at once, and, then, again, while one laughed, another whistled, a third cried, and the fourth imitated a steamboat blowing off steam.

"Have a drink with me!" Sixty-six is reported to have said, and then immediately called himself a prevaricator.

"Don't be silly!" Greeny gravely exclaimed, as the throng was indulging in hearty laughter at their expense. During the silence that followed Sixty-six roared "What's the matter? What's the matter? Polly wants a penny! Polly wants a liar! Don't you ever go home?" Then all the parrots guffawed in chorus.

"All aboard!" screamed Sixty-six, while Greeny called "All Ashore!" and Topsy piped "Tickets! Drinks and cigars."

"Give your orders, gents!" called out Beauty.

"Ante up and look pleasant. Somebody is shy!" yelled Sixty-six. "Ahoy!"

By this time the plumage of the inebriated parrots was horribly dishevelled, and the attitudes of the birds were grotesque in the extreme. They were leaning aginst each other after the manner of intoxicated men when they reach the confidential stage.

They blinked and winked in a way most comical to see, and, at last, one by one, sank into a sleep so profound that no noise could wake them.

The Preacher's Voice.

Why a preacher should sing differently from other people is a mystery, but they all do. Every one who has heard preachers sing knows that there is a queer twang about the clerical voice when used in singing that is rarely heard save among preachers and very old members who have attended church so long that they have caught the preacher's tone. The difference is not so much in style as in the variations that a preacher never fails to introduce, and once heard can never be mistaken.

Struck a Bonanza.

"How has young Fosdick succeeded out West in the crockery business?"

"Splendidly! Amassed a large fortune in three years."

"Miraculous!"

"Not at all. You see, he secured a contract to supply dishes in an insane asylum."—Puck.

A Straight Railway.

The longest reach of railway without a curve is claimed by travelers to be that of the new Argentine Pacific railway, from Buenos Ayres to the foot of the Andes. For 211 miles it is without a curve, and has no cutting or embankment deeper than two or three feet.

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A FAIR VIRGINIAN.

A TALE OF THE FIRST BULL RUN.

By DAVI LOWRY.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE UNPARDONABLE CRIME.

The air is full of bustling sounds indicating extraordinary activity. We are at the very edge of the capital. Locomotives whistle constantly. The blare of many brass bands, the rub-adub of drums near and far, and the shrill notes of fifes burden the air. Flags flying everywhere. Trains are coming and going seemingly every minute. Fresh troops are coming, most of them in uniform; but there is a good sprinkling of civilians in the ranks, and many squads of volunteers (the term recruit is unknown here now), keeping step with the drum-taps in civilian's suits without arms.

The volunteers are pouring into the capital by hundreds and thousands. The air is suddenly filled with vocal music as a regiment fresh from New England marches through the city camp wards, singing:

"John Brown's Body Lies Moldering in the Ground."

Over there where the shadow of Meridian hill slants across it is a great camp. An army of men ready to fight for the Union. Soldiers burnishing their guns and polishing their bayonets. Here a soldier rubbing his buckle, there another oiling his revolver (the order compelling to dispense with revolvers had not been rigidly enforced yet.) A group of officers are seated under a marquee, smoking, fanning themselves, talking and laughing. They are a merry lot.

A louder peal of laughter than any that preceded it attracts the attention of the visitors strolling through the camp.

"What is it?" inquires a newcomer, an officer who has left the marquee nearest the group.

"Let us share the fun," he adds, turning to a brother officer who has followed him.

"Nothing special," said an officer with a very red face as he wiped the tears from his eyes. "Some reminiscences of the Bull Run races—that's all. We have just learned there were a few instances where editors and congressmen were fairly distanced by soldiers. There is Hawkins now. Hawkins is an old acquaintance of Gen. Jackson's. Went to school to him if I am not mistaken—correct me, Hawkins, if I do not adhere to facts."

"It would save time to note the few facts you cite," Hawkins answered as he glared at the speaker.

"Either way," continued the red faced man. "Hawkins was telling us some of Jackson's peculiarities—he seems to be peculiar in more respects than one. He was a regular attendant at church they say when he was recruiting officer in Pittsburg. Hawkins seems to have absorbed some of his piety—more of his piety than his pluck. I'll leave that to Hawkins himself."

Hawkins's countenance was unmoved. He regarded the speaker steadfastly.

"According to Hawkins, everything was going lovely. Our boys had it all their own way. Hawkins confessed privately to me that he really had the room picked out in the Henry House that he intended to occupy that night. He wasn't in the house—in fact circumstances prevented him from ever getting nearer than half a mile of it. Besides, Gen. McDowell was looking out of the very window Hawkins had his eye on. You won't question that fact, Hawkins?"

"It is a fact that McDowell did look out of a window in the Henry House," Hawkins replied gravely.

"You hear. Well, Hawkins was so eager to be foremost that he tossed away a chew of tobacco to lighten himself for the charge, and just then he beheld a regiment rising up in front of him in the edge of the woods, turned tail and ran so fast the devil himself couldn't catch him."

"That is true," said Hawkins soberly when the explosion of laughter that greeted this subsided. "If I had not led you fellows off the field I would not be entitled to your thanks to-day—as you know I am."

The merriment that ensued rendered conversation impossible for a time. Then Hawkins, who spoke with a drawl that was more comical than his glare, ort he play of his features, said in the same sober tone:

"It is a fact—no reflection on Cuddy here—that it was a nip and tuck race for which of us could get fastest out of each other's way—the greater portion of the day. The thing that will bother the historians most I fancy will be how to find a suitable name for the battle. They will exercise a great deal of ingenuity to find a word comprehensive enough. Bull Run does not exactly express the idea. Pass the tobacco, Cuddy. They will have to coin a word that will convey the idea of all creation on a run."

Another outburst of laughter followed this, which was prolonged when Hawkins added, "If I was not afraid of subjecting myself to rebuke from the War department for proposing an original idea, I would suggest that they secure the services of experienced teachers who could train our men in the art of running. Some of the zouaves might be employed temporarily for that purpose. I haven't found a man that could keep up with them."

"Nor could pace with them in lying," said Capt. Cuddy. "I saw one on the street yesterday who slaughtered six of the Black Horse cavalry unaided.

"Ten to one he is their foremost runner."

A sergeant major glanced under the marquee at that moment.

"Capt. Hawkins and Capt. Cuddy, the colonel desires to see you."

As the officers rose and walked away immediately, some one expressed a willingness to wager that Hawkins would be sent to the front on serious business.

"If it is anything of importance," said another, "they have a man in the next regiment that knows more about the ground than Hawkins, who I grant, is pretty well posted."

Several inquired who the well posted man was; there were calls for his name.

"His name is Norton. I heard the general say that there is only one other man who is better informed, and that is Strothers."

"Who is Strothers?" inquired a boyish looking lieutenant.

"Oh, here, Alword, don't make a ninny of yourself," said another lieutenant laughingly, "he means Porte Crayon—you've surely heard of, or read Porte Crayon's sketches in the magazines." Lieutenant Alward subsided, then the man who cited Norton added, "The general said he knows every foot of ground from here to Fairfax."

"It's a great pity somebody did not avail themselves of the map in Norton's brain before the battle," said one gray haired captain as he shook the ashes out of his pipe. "If they had, history would read altogether different."

A murmur of universal assent greeted this; then the group under the marquee separated with serious faces. Meantime Hawkins and Cuddy walked leisurely to the colonel's tent. The colonel, who was writing when they entered his tent, turned around, greeted them cheerfully and requested them to be seated. His visitors availed themselves of the nearest camp stools and awaited the colonel's pleasure.

"Your company was on guard at the bridge yesterday, Captain Hawkins?" said the colonel in a matter of fact way.

"It was."

"You were there?"

"I was."

"You observed as much as your lieutenants'?"

"I think I was fully as observant as either of the lieutenants."

"You doubtless can, if called upon, name such officers as you may be acquainted with who passed through the lines?"

"Very easily, sir," said Hawkins.

"Say from dusk and throughout the early part of the night?"

"That would be very easy, colonel. There were but two or three at most."

"Can you name them?"

"One was the adjutant of our brigade. The other was Captain Norton."

"You are acquainted with both of them?"

"I have spoken to Captain Norton once or twice, and am well acquainted with Captain Davis."

"It is not likely that you would err in this matter, captain?"

"I do not see how I could. However, in case doubts are entertained, or should the matter prove of sufficient importance, I think Captain Cuddy will corroborate with me—he was there with me from dusk until after ten."

"Yes," said Captain Cuddy. "I went over for the sake of a little variety."

The colonel smiled. He knew Cuddy craved the opportunity to meet the enemy upon anything like equal terms.

"You know Captain Norton?" said the colonel, addressing Captain Cuddy.

"I have never spoken to him—I know him when I see him."

The captains looked at each other, then glanced at the colonel, whose countenance was now very grave, indeed. His guests silently awaited further speech, but Captain Cuddy scarcely took pains to conceal the curiosity that was consuming him.

"About what time was it when Captain Norton came in?"

"It was after eight."

"Was there anything peculiar in his manner or appearance?"

"Yes, his horse was pretty well blown; I remarked it at the time. Captain Norton looked tired."

"Did you examine his pass?"

"The sergeant took the pass; he handed it to Lieutenant May, who held it towards me. Captain Cuddy was sitting beside me—I just glanced at it long enough to note the signature—the pass seemed all right; I signified my approval, and as the captain looked jaded the paper was returned to him by the lieutenant, and he passed on."

"It was light enough to read the pass without a light?"

"There was a light in the tent—we were sitting outside. There was sufficient light to read the pass."

DeKay's signature might be read across a road," said Captain Cuddy laughingly; but the colonel did not smile. He was looking on the ground intently with corrugated brows. There was a brief silence which was broken by the colonel saying in low tones: "Gentlemen, I am afraid this is a bad business. I am not ashamed to confess to you that it has unhinged me—I am grieved—grieved and shocked beyond expression. But—" the colonel began to pace across his tent—"I can see but one result." Then apparently realizing for the first time the inquiring looks cast upon him by the captains, he paused in front of them.

"You will be as much shocked as I was when I tell you that Captain Norton is suspected of communicating with the enemy."

Captain Hawkins and Captain Cuddy exclaimed simultaneously, then stared at each other and at the colonel.

"I could not believe it," said the colonel. "I am not prepared to believe it now; I hoped it would prove a misapprehension; but, gentlemen—" here the colonel sighed, "your statements condemn him. I am not at liberty now to say more. I may enlighten you somewhat by adding that the worst feature of the case is Captain Norton's steadfast adherence to the assertion that he has not crossed the bridge since the battle."

Cuddy stared at Hawkins; Hawkins returned his gaze calmly, then his lips curled as he said: "It is possible it may resolve itself into a question of veracity, Cuddy. Do you think you could swear to me in a pinch?"

"Are you cock sure you know me?" Cuddy exploded. "What infernal nonsense! I don't know anything about it, colonel, one way or the other. But—when it comes to swearing—God help Norton if he says I did not see him cross the bridge. I could tell you, colonel, at the distance of a hundred yards—there was light enough for that when Norton passed the guard."

"Keep your own counsel, gentlemen, for the present. You will be summoned soon to give your testimony. Captain Norton is now under arrest, but for obvious reasons his arrest is only known to a few. There is not an officer or man in the brigade who knows what you have learned from me. In questioning you, I am simply obeying instructions received within the past hour from no less a person than the Secretary of War, to whom I must report in person immediately your answers to the inquiries I have made. These are trying times—it is not safe to trust more than can be helped to writing. At least that idea seems to pervade the War department. And this affair of Norton's will go far to confirm its correctness."

When they were alone, Cuddy turned to his comrade in blank astonishment. Hawkins was biting his nether lip; when perplexed, his familiars observed that he had a habit of biting it. They walked in silence a considerable distance before either spoke, then Cuddy suddenly paused, grasped his comrade's arm and exclaimed.

"I could put a bullet in him if I was sure it is true!"

"There is no necessity for that," Hawkins answered slowly. "He will be taken care of."

"It is bad enough to be surrounded by a lot of sneaking spies who have been fed by the government—clerks in all the departments—by the people who live here, and have benefited at the expense of people whom business brings here! The entire city government is festering with corruption and treason! Bah! One can smell it!" exclaimed Cuddy with an angry snort. "But when it crops out in the army —" he paused and clenched his hand. "by heaven! If I had my way, I'd hang every man of them!"

"They say," Hawkins answered slowly in his drawling voice, "that as a rule, from the moment a man commits a crime he begins to furnish evidences of his guilt. Norton's stupidity, however, is so vast that he places himself entirely out of the range of and beyond the average fool, Cuddy. Why, a babe would 'know more.' His stupidity is mountainous." Having at last found a word that expressed his thought, Hawkins repeated it. "Mountainous! And yet he is one of the last men—the very last men I would take for a fool. There must be more in this than appears on the surface."

He was uttering his innermost thought rather than sharing it with his comrade, but Captain Cuddy broke the chain of his thought rudely by exclaiming with an oath:

"There's enough on the surface to warrant hanging or shooting!"

"Yes, I wouldn't give much for his chances," said Hawkins.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE UNKNOWN PATIENT.

"I prefer to go alone, General."

"I can spare an hour or two very well. I am sorry I had not the time to go with you to the other hospitals. You think you are occupying my time. You know it cannot be put to better use than looking after the welfare of the poor fellows who sacrificed everything to preserve the government. My first duty is to them. It is my duty to see that everything that can be thought of is done for them. Besides, you should not visit the hospitals alone; it is more than some men can bear."

"I wish that every man and woman in the land could see and hear what I have heard in the hospitals to-day," said Miss Maxwell. "The folly and wickedness of war would be brought home to them so swiftly that they would find some other way to end this sectional strife."

"We have only seen the beginning of it."

"Then heaven help the country!" said Miss Maxwell fervently. "The very hearthstones will cry out against the wickedness of the men who persist in this war."

"True—but no human power can restrain either side now. You are one of the people who are prepared to sacrifice itself to maintain and perpetuate the government. Here is the carriage."

The General assisted her into the carriage and seated himself beside her. He observed his companion closely. Although her expression was sad, there was no sign of timidity, no evidence of fatigue. "It is wonderful, amazing, what these women can endure!" the General exclaimed impulsively, as he seated himself in the carriage. He had led a very active life; action was as necessary to his existence as air. The past three months had brought duties such as only a man with tremendous physical resources could have discharged, and this day, like the day preceding it, and that which was to follow it, added something to the accumulation of burdens imposed upon the shoulders of the man who was universally referred to in those days, filled with doubt and fear, as the most energetic and practical representative in Congress. Yet this strong man marveled at the fortitude his companion displayed.

He listened wonderingly to the suggestions his companions made concerning the management of the hospitals. Her comments first excited his curiosity, then he suddenly realized the force of her criticisms—there was much to be commended; but the bulk of Miss Maxwell's remarks were criticisms. How was it, the General asked himself, that a young woman, who knew nothing whatever of war, of camps or hospitals, whose life had been as placid as a pool or undisturbed stream, was so quick in noting the short-comings and the errors in the construction and arrangement of the hospitals and the methods? Long before they reached their destination his strong common sense came to his relief.

"It is her woman's heart and her woman's eye, combined with her rare intelligence," he reflected. "We have had the benefit of the brains the doctors have expended on these matters, but how little it amounts to. The doctors are in a groove—they are hampered with red tape, adhering to traditions. The war demands new—a shaking up. Not one of them would controvert a single statement she has made."

What he said to Miss Maxwell sounded altogether different. "You are right. I feel it—I know it now that it has been pointed out to me. We must make a great many changes. But we have had so much to do—a thousand and one things pressing at one time. We have everything to learn—the making of war and the caring for our army—nursing the sick and wounded—it must all be learned. How could it be otherwise with a people who know nothing of war? I will bear in mind all you have said, and I will see, too, that in future women will be consulted in these matters of life and death."

When they reached the hospital the rays of the July sun seemed hot enough to scorch the grass. The water in the pools formed by the recent rains rose in vapor. Here and there flowers flaunted their petals in the fierce rays serenely, but many leaves and not a few blossoms succumbed to the torrid heat.

Near the entrance to the hospital, sitting listlessly in temporary shade, or lying on benches apparently oblivious of all the world, were a few patients whose injuries were of a nature to render confinement irksome. These scarcely noted the entrance of the visitors.

The General summoned a surgeon, under whose lead the search of this, the last hospital on the list visited by Miss Maxwell, was made. Despite the discouraging reports she had listened to, she still hoped she would find her brother in some of the hospitals. As time passed, and ward after ward was visited, hope faded. The quest in the last hospital was begun in a perfunctory manner. Her manner and her words revealed the truth. Indeed she did not now attempt to conceal it.

Patients in the fever of delirium, muttering indistinctly, patients as silent as the dead, in the stupor that precedes the last long sleep; patients whose shrieks of agony thrilled the listeners with sudden fear and horror, all these were passed. The visitors were near the exit in the last ward. The door stood wide open. The wind blew softly in, swaying the white muslin hangings and the mosquito nets. Miss Maxwell paused before a cot upon which a man in the prime of life lay unconscious. The General stood beside her looking down upon the patient. In answer to his inquiring look the surgeon said:

"This is a sad case. He is unknown."

"Surely a man like that has friends who can identify him," the General replied in surprise.

"A great

STORIES OF WAR TIME

BRAVE MEN TELL TALES OF THE DAYS

When Civil Strife Was Rampant in This Country—Col. Higginson, Gen. Rosser, and Others.

(FIRST ARTICLE.)

I am asked to record the bravest thing done within my immediate knowledge in the civil war. On mature reflection, passing by some hairbreadth escapes, I should award the palm to something done by a young assistant surgeon of mine, not quite 21 years old, Dr. Thomas T. Miner, then of Hartford, Conn. It was at an exceedingly convivial supper party of officers at Beaufort, S. C., to which a few of my younger subalterns had been invited. I saw them go with some regret, since whisky was rarely used in my regiment, and I had reason to think that it would circulate pretty freely at this entertainment. About Dr. Miner I had no solicitude, for he never drank it. Later I heard from some of the other officers present what had happened.

They sat late and the fun grew fast

COLONEL HIGGINSON.

and furious, the songs sung becoming gradually of that class which Thackeray's Colonel Newcome did not approve. Some of the guests tried to get away, but could not, and those who attempted it were required to furnish in each case a song, a story, or a toast. Miner was called upon for his share and there was a little hush as he rose up. He had a singularly pure and boyish face, and his manliness of character was known to all. He said: "Gentlemen, I can not give you a song or a story, but I will offer a toast which I will drink in water, and you shall drink as you please. That toast is, Our Mothers."

Of course, an atom of priggishness or self-consciousness would have spoiled the whole suggestion. No such quality was visible. The shot told; the party quieted down from that moment and soon broke up. The next morning no less than three officers from different regiments rode out to my camp, all men older than Dr. Miner and of higher rank, to thank him for the simplicity and courage of his rebuke. It was from them I first learned what had happened. Any one who has had much to do with young men will admit, I think, that it cost more courage to do what he did than to ride up to the cannon's mouth.

It may interest some readers to know that this young surgeon, after the war, had charge of two different military hospitals on the Pacific coast; that he finally became mayor of Seattle; and that, when he was accidentally drowned on a hunting trip, 10,000 people—so the newspapers said—walked in procession at his funeral.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON,
Formerly Colonel First S. C. Volunteers, afterwards Thirty-third U. S. C. T.

Told by Gen. Boynton.

The bravest deed that came under my observation during the war was performed by Ferd. Van Derveer's brigade of Brannan's division in the Kelley field at Chickamauga. The affair held this rank, whether considered as an illustration of the coolness and brilliancy of the commanding officer, the presence of mind and pluck of regimental officers, the dash and bravery of the men, or the remarkable character of the evolution performed under hot fire at close range.

Imagine an open stubble field, a little less than half a mile long by a quarter in width, entirely surrounded by forest, the longest line of the field running north and south, with the Lafayette or State road to Chattanooga, which was the object and axis of the fight, skirting its western side. It was 11 o'clock of Sunday morning, the second day of the battle. The Union left ran along within the southern and the eastern edges of the timber, and turned westward a short distance in reverse, inside of the woods along the northern border of the field. Thiswhole line was being heavily attacked.

Van Derveer's brigade had been ordered from the center to report to General Baird, who held the extreme left of the line above described. He came through the forest west of the Kelley field marching eastward in two lines, each deployed, and each with a front of two regiments.

As his front line emerged from the forest it entered a thicket of low pines which fringed the western side of the Kelley field. The flags, the bayonets, and the mounted men of the front line could be seen above the thicket. The soldiers in the pines

GENERAL ROSSER

was a young man, and was one of the gallant Pelham's most trusted captains.

On the retreat of Gen. Robert E. Lee from Petersburg to Appomattox I reached Rice's Station on the morning of the 6th of April about 8 o'clock, my division of cavalry being the vanguard of our army.

Gen. Theodore Read, of General Ord's staff, with two regiments of infantry and one of cavalry, had just passed this place en route for the High Bridge over the Appomatox river for the purpose of destroying it.

Although an attack was momentarily expected from General Grant, General Longstreet, who was in command, directed me to pursue Read and save the bridge, over which our army was compelled to cross.

Taking two small brigades I overtook Read near the bridge, but being apprised of pursuit he had taken a strong position of defense along the edge of a piece of dense woods on a high ridge, and was awaiting my attack. A hasty reconnoissance satisfied me I could not dislodge him except by assault, and I therefore dismounted one brigade under Col. T. T. Mumford, and moving it to the charge on foot charged with General Dearing's brigade, mounted.

Colonel Washburn, who commanded Read's cavalry, had secured his force behind a clump of old field pines and had not been seen by me, and as Dearing moved up against Read's flank Washburn charged him in flank in the most gallant and determined manner. The suddenness, boldness, effectiveness and surprise of this charge, although with inferior numbers, threw my mounted brigade into disorder, and a hand-to-hand fight resulted which temporarily suspended the blow aimed at Read's flank. It had been raining a little, it was foggy, and through the fog and smoke of battle it was difficult to see how to direct the attack, and leaving Dearing to dispose of Washburn I was riding rapidly across the field to reach and direct the dismounted men when suddenly I came upon three mounted men desperately fighting. There was no one near them. With pistol in hand I rode directly toward them, but getting near enough to recognize them one fell, or rather seemed pushed, from his horse, but as soon as he touched the ground two quick shots from his pistol brought both of his assailants down lifeless by the side of him, one indeed falling across him, and to my surprise I recognized Major Breathed as he arose with face and body dripping with blood received from the thrusts and cuts of the sabers of his victims.

Breathed had been detained in the rear and had not overtaken me when the fight begun, and hearing the firing attempted to join me when he encountered two captains and a sergeant of the enemy who ordered him to surrender. Breathed killed the sergeant, and the two captains closed on him with their sabers and crowded him so closely that he could not use his pistol except to parry their quick blows until thrown to the ground.

By some means one of Breathed's boots had been pulled off in the tussle, and drawing that on again, and without even mopping the blood from his face, and without apparent concern, he remounted his horse and dashed into the thickest of the fight.

Read and Washburn were both killed, and their gallant little command made prisoners.

THOMAS L. ROSSER.

OUR HIRED HELP.

Old Gentleman—What do you mean, sir, by marrying my daughter, and trying to keep it secret?

Young Hansom—I am fond of good living, and didn't want the waiter girls at my boarding-house to find out that I was married.—New York Weekly.

"Do you regard the cook as the premier of your house?"

"No. She combines domestic affairs with foreign relations in her coffee."—Harper's.

Mistress—I don't want you to have so much company. You have more callers in a day than I have in a week.

Domestic—Well, mum, perhaps if you'd try to be a little more agreeable you'd have as many friends as I have.—New York Weekly.

WAS GETTING FAT.

He Could Not Make His Wife Understand About Exercise.

"William," said Mrs. Fussly, "you are getting disgustingly fat."

William said he supposed he was, says the Buffalo Express.

"How much do you weigh, William?" asked Mrs. Fussly, after a silence of ten minutes.

"Two hundred and forty," said William, sharply.

Mrs. Fussly sighed deeply. "You used to be such a trim young man," she said, after another ten-minute stretch of silence.

"That's right," replied Mr. Fussly, complacently.

Then Mrs. Fussly went on darning the stocking she had on her lap, and Mr. Fussly plunged deeper into his newspaper. Nothing was said by either for half an hour. Then Mrs. Fussly sat bolt upright and broke out: "William, you need more exercise!"

Mr. Fussly threw his paper on the floor and glared at his wife. "Exercise be blowed!" he said. "I get exercise enough. You women think unless a man works in a sewer with a pick and shovel, or saws wood with a cross-cut saw, or pounds down paving stones with a movable pile-driver, operated by human muscles instead of by steam, that he does no work and gets no exercise. Now, I work at my desk just as hard as I would if I were breaking stone, and a great deal harder. When it comes to exercise I am as fond as I would be if I pitched hay all day. It isn't the man who uses his muscles most who does the hardest work, and I'm not in a mood for turning flip-flaps or doing the giant swing on a horizontal bar after I get through."

"But," broke in Mrs. Fussly, "I know all that, don't mean that you should go into training for a circus performer. I think that if you would walk more it would do you good. For instance, if you would walk down to business each day, instead of riding always on the street cars, I am sure you would feel better."

"Fudge," said Mr. Fussly, testily. "I don't believe that walking is any kind of exercise. I don't believe that if I were to walk both ways every day of my life I would lose an ounce in sixteen years. Walking isn't what it is cracked up to be. Besides," he continued, triumphantly, "I do exercise every day, nearly."

"What do you do?" asked Mrs. Fussly, with a great show of interest.

"Why, I play two or three games of billiards almost every afternoon. That's pretty good exercise, I tell you."

"Where does the exercise come in?" asked Mrs. Fussly, innocently.

Mr. Fussly jumped to his feet and raged around the room. "Where does the exercise come in?" he shouted. "Why in walking around the table. Pshaw! you can't make a woman understand anything, anyhow." And, for some reason or other, Mr. Fussly concluded that it was time for him to go to bed.

RECENT LITERATURE.

Latest Volumes to be Found on the Blade Book Table.

From Funk & Wagnalls comes the first volume of their standard dictionary, a work which promises to take a foremost place as authority as soon as it is completed. The scope of it appears to be almost unlimited. It has had the advantage of most careful consultation in all of its departments by specialists in each of the subjects treated, and with the result of the greatest accuracy that can be attained. Some of its best characteristics are as follows: Its vocabulary is exceedingly full and full, there being 5,000 more words than are now found in the largest; the drift towards simpler spelling has been recognized and a reform instituted wherever possible, as for instance in "chemistry"; a set of words has been passed upon by a representative member of the craft or profession to which it belongs, in order that they may be as exact as possible; uniformity has been aimed at in syllabication and the dividing of words by printers at the ends of the lines, the same as they are divided in pronouncing; the compounding of words has been reduced to a scientific system—in short, everything seems to have been done, judging from an examination, which is not from use to make the work as complete and reliable as possible.

The illustrations are very fine. The colored plates of the birds, of some of the best gems of the world, including the Jewish high priest's breastplate and the double page of the orders and decorations of all countries are superb.

The editor-in-chief of this work is Isaac K. Funk, and five other editors, with 200 specialists and other scholars, have also been engaged in this great labor.

"The Lover's Lexicon," by Frederick Greenwood, is published by MacMillan & Co., New York City. It is a handbook for novelists, playwrights, philosophers and minor poets; but especially for the enamored, so says the title page. The language of love, writes the author, has an extremely meager vocabulary, but he has given a long list of words, and including abhorrence, absence, adoration, assignation, bashfulness, beauty, bride, calf love, charm, clandestine, coquetry, courtship, dalliance, dolls, dreams, elopement, eyeglass, flattery, flirtation, half-holidays, love, love letters, love-making, quiz, marriage, wife, prude, rake, etc., and talks about each in a familiar way. The book is a very interesting and amusing one.

"Samantha at the World's Fair" is a big blue book with an interested picture of the administration building upon the cover. It is by Josiah Allen's wife and is published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York City. It is, as would be expected, full of absurdities, and is just the sort of book to be taken up at odd times and read piecemeal, in order to enjoy a hearty laugh. Mrs. Allen's interview with the Duke of Veragua, in which she offered him the freedom of Jonesville, Loonlown and Zoar, and incidentally added "Ohio" to his name, in her embarrassment, during which she backed into a glass case of relics and was released from it by Barnum at a large bill of damages, is extremely funny.

From the publisher, William R. Jenkins, New York City, comes several works in the French language. Among them are the following: "Manuel de la Litterature Francaise," by A. de Rougemont, A. M., professor at Chautauqua University; "College Preparatory French Grammar," by Chas. P. Du Croquet; and Paul Bercy's French Reader for Advanced Classes in Colleges. All the above long in use in class in their respective departments and will, doubtless, be accepted as such. They are well printed and well bound. Besides being excellent as to matter. New features are given in each respecting their various objects, which increases their value.

Harper & Brothers, New York City, now and revised edition of William Black's "Strange Adventures in a House Boat," which will be very welcome to those with whom this author's stories are popular. It is in good type and cloth binding.

Too Much Happiness.

"Madam," said the prospective boarder, timidly, "do you have any little boys in the house?"

"No, sir," said the lady who had advertised for a lodger.

"No piano?"

"No, sir."

"You don't serve stews very often?"

"No."

"Well, madam,' said the young man's voice sunk to a whisper as his face flushed, 'do you serve stewed prunes at each meal?"

"No."

"Then, madam," said the youth, as he turned away with a sigh, "then I can not be your guest; I feel that I am not worthy of it."—Chicago Record.

As He Understood It.

"I have no objection, Tommy, to your playing with the rich banker's son," said the poor widow, "if he is a good boy. But you don't toady to him, do you?"

"Yep," answered Tommy. "Me and him plays leapfrog." — Chicago Tribune.

A Popular Composer.

At the concert:

Mrs. Malapros—Who is the author of this symphony?

Mrs. Parvaynew (consulting programme)—I've forgotten. Oh, here it is—Allegro Moderato. He seems to write so many things, you know.—Chicago Record.

Too Much Competition.

Officer McGobb—An' is the har-rd toimes affectin' your business ahny?

Hungry Higgins—Is it affectin' me business? Is it? W'y, dey's gettin' to be so many amatoors in it dat de legit don't stand no show at all.—Indianapolis Journal.

Scrofula in the Neck

The following is from Mrs. J. W. Tillbrook, wife of the Mayor of McKeesport, Penn.:

Willie Tillbrook.

"My little boy Willie, now 6 years old, two years ago had a bunch under one ear which the doctor said was Scrofula. He finally lanced it and it discharged for some time. We then began giving Willie Hood's Sarsaparilla and he improved very rapidly until the sore healed up. Last winter it broke out again, followed by Erysipelas. We again gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla with excellent results and he has had no more trouble. His cure is due to

Hood's Sarsaparilla

He has never been very robust, but now seems healthy and daily growing stronger."

HOOD'S PILLS do not purge, pain or gripe, but act promptly, easily and efficiently. 25c.

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest, and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

The "Salyx" Fraud.

C. W. S., Marysville, W. Va.: This is the third time within a year we have answered this question in the Bureau, and we shall not answer it again:

The recipe for the so-called "cold process" for preserving fruits by using what its promoters call "compound extract of salyx," is as follows:

Sound fruit is to be packed in kegs or jars, as closely as possible; then take 25 pounds of ordinary coffee sugar, dissolve in 6½ gallons of hot water, then add two ounces of the so-called "compound extract of salyx," and dissolve completely. Let it get cool, and then pour over the fruit enough to cover completely. This quantity is said to be enough for 25 gallons of fruit.

The catch comes in the "compound extract of salyx." There is no drug of that name. You must buy of the people who sell the recipe, who charge, we are informed, $1 for a 2-ounce package.

There is a simple and well known chemistry which will produce the result claimed, and that is salicylic acid. This acid is in crystalline form, has a sweetish-sour taste, is only slightly soluble in cold water, but freely soluble in hot water. When diluted it is almost colorless and tasteless. Some dozen years ago many experiments were made with it in preserving fruit. It does preserve them nicely, but it largely destroys the flavor. The use of salicylic acid internally is said to produce derangement of the kidneys, and these two objections led to its abandonment. Its use as a preservative is considered an adulteration in some states, and persons using it are liable to prosecution. We have no doubt that the so-called "salyx" is salicylic acid. A retail druggist here says salicylic acid retails at 15 to 18 cents an ounce.

Tammany Hall.

J. O. B., Dayton, Tenn.: In 1789 the Columbian Order was organized in New York city by William Mooney. In 1805 it was incorporated, and the name of Tammany Society was assumed, the name being taken from that of an Indian chief. Its organization was supposed in a general way to imitate Indian customs, consisting of Sachems or chiefs, a Sagamore, masters of ceremonies, the members being called braves, its meeting-place the wigwam, etc. It was at first a social organization but about 1800 the majority of its members were in sympathy with Aaron Burr, and he quickly entered politics under his standard. From the first the qualities that have always been most prominent in it prevailed, thorough organization and a thorough canvass. Tammany was for a short time allied with DeWitt Clinton, but they separated and Tammany came to be recognized as a regular democratic faction. It had thus gained a position in New York politics. It has since been a factor, if a very uncertain one, to be reckoned with. Its field of greatest activity is the local politics of New York city, but in the politics of the state its influence is considerable because of the large vote cast in New York city. About 1870 there was added to its organization the general committee, containing representatives of every election district. This unwieldy body is practically controlled by sub-committees whom the leaders of the organization make their will felt. Sometimes the regular Democratic organization and sometimes a freebooter, its influence in its own party is to a great extent owing to fear of its treachery. Tweed was its boss in the days of his success, and his overthrow dealt it a severe blow; but it has always recovered its position and organization and traditions both tend to make it subject to the control of a small clique, and its large following in a state always doubtful, gives it an influence in national politics otherwise out of proportion to its numerical strength.

The Democratic Rooster.

A. G., Everett, Pa.: In the Bureau of Weekly Blade of Nov. 23 is a full account of the Republican "coon." The origin of the Democratic rooster is this:

The emblems of the Democratic party at the time of Jackson's administration were the hickory pole and broom. About 1840, in Indiana there lived a man named Chapman, a Democrat, who had a local reputation for exercising his vocal organs in the way of crowing. One night a ball in answer to a despondig letter of Chapman's concerning the political situation, a friend wrote an encouraging letter ending with the words, "Crow, Chapman, crow!" Some account makes the letter pass between two friends, and close with the words, "Tell Chapman to crow." The letter, whichever it was, was published, and the phrase spread. In 1842 and 1844, after Whig defeats, the rooster came into general use as the Democratic emblem of victory.

Legal Tenders.

J. B. P., Salem county, Ind., and S. F. T., Plymouth, Wis., want to know what kinds of money are full legal tender.

Gold coin in any amount, for all purposes.

Silver dollars in any amount, for all purposes.

Greenbacks in any amount, for all purposes except interest on the public debt and for customs dues.

Treasury notes of 1890, issued under the Sherman act, in any amount, for all purposes, unless otherwise specified in the contract.

Tanning Skins.

K. H. K., Cheney, sends the following: "Seeing so much inquiry in The Blade of how to tan skins with the hair on, I contribute as follows: Scrape and wash, then spread oak or hemlock bark on the flesh side (pounded fine); put into a vessel, then pour on water so that the bark will be quite strong, and let it remain for a few days, till the hair is set, then weaken; add new ooze occasionally till the skin is tanned enough, which makes the fur live and glossy."

Full Woman Suffrage.

A. B., Chester, Pa.: Women now have full suffrage—can vote for all elective offices—in Wyoming, Colorado, New Zealand, Australia, Utah, Idaho, Jersey and Pitcairn Island. This includes an area of 345,723 square miles, an area greater than all the Atlantic States combined, or than all the countries on the Pacific. The population of this great territory is 1,287,200. There are also many regions with an enormous area and population where women have partial suffrage, including England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, Canada, Sweden, Kansas and Australia.

Testimony of Infidels.

G. B. T., Enid, Okla., asks: "Can an infidel—a man who does not believe in the existence of a Supreme Being—testify under oath in court; is his evidence before a jury as good as the evidence of any other witness; say a Christian?"

Yes, in both cases. If he does not wish to take an oath, he can solemnly affirm the truth of his testimony. It is just as good as the evidence of any other man, of course.

Old Coins.

A. J. S., Guilford, N. Y.: There is no premium on the half dollar of 1819, nor on the $20 gold piece of 1858.

C. C. S., Equality, Ill., writes: "I have a copper coin with wreath, and 'specie payments suspended 1837,' on one side, and, 'Substitute for shin-plaster, Nov., 1837,' on the other side. I would like to have a short history of where and why it was issued."

It is not a coin at all, but one of the many campaign tokens issued during Jackson's time. It referred to the financial panic of 1837, when all the banks suspended specie payments.

G. E. B., Union, Mo.: The value of old coins does not depend on the age, but on their scarcity. There are many American coins earlier than 1827 which bear no premium, and many since that which bear premiums. We can not give addresses. See Rules above.

A Question of Etiquette.

Subscriber, ——, O., asks: "Is it improper for a young man to go to see a young lady, at her room, where she has a private room with no 'private family'?"

The young lady should know more of the proprieties of life than to receive a young gentleman caller in her private room. She should receive him in the family parlor or sitting room; never in a private room.

Miscellaneous.

S. O. S., Dexter, Mo.: We are sorry to say we do not know.

W. S. J., Bourneville, O.: We do not know where you can find it.

H. G., Royalton, N. Y.: We unfortunately can not locate the lines.

V. A. C., Circleville, O.: We can not undertake the publication of the book.

T. J. S., Charlotte, Mich.: That depends on the state law in each state. Consult a lawyer.

D. B. L., Salem Center, Ind.: Silver was demonetized in 1873, and remonetized in 1878, and has since remained so.

"O. L. M.," Columbia City, Ind.: We don't know. Tell us where you found the word, and in what connection, and we will try to help you.

D. C. W., St. Joseph, Mo.: We published the credit strengthening act—which was passed in 1869, not 1877—in Bureau of Weekly Blade of September 28. The word "petros" is Greek, and means "a stone."

A. R. M., Concordia, Kan.: Of course, if paper money is payable in debased coin, its value is less. It is only as valuable as the coin in which it is redeemed, of course.

C. P., Masontown, W. V.: You must make your question more definite. What kind of "colored plates" do you mean? There are many different processes for different kinds of work.

O. W. T., Logansport, Ind.: Goldbeater's skin is the prepared outer membrane of the large intestine of the ox, used to separate the thin sheets of gold while being beaten out into gold-leaf. But toy balloons are not made of this. They are made of thin rubber.

W. R. M., Davenport, Iowa: We have no idea what was the politics of Walt Whitman, save that he was an Union man during the war. Henry Ward Beecher was an abolitionist and afterward a Republican. Hon. T. M. Cooley is a Democrat, and Hugh McCulloch was a Republican. We know nothing of Schouler's politics.

R. W. W., Washington, N. J.: Wm. M. Tweed was sentenced, on November 12, 1873, to 12 years' imprisonment in the penitentiary on Blackwell's Island, N. Y. On June 15, 1875, his imprisonment was declared illegal by the court of Appeals. He was taken from the penitentiary and incarcerated in Ludlow street jail. He escaped on December 4, 1875, went to Spain, was there arrested, delivered up to the United States, put back in Ludlow street jail, where he died on April 12, 1878.

It is Hardly Worth Any One's While to take the risk of waiting for a Cough, Cold, or any Lung Trouble "to go as it came," when a remedy, so sure and thorough as Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, is so easily procurable.

TRAINED SPANIELS HELP POLICE.

Peculiar Methods Employed by Night Officers in Paris.

It is the night-duty policeman whose task is the hardest, for the great majority of arrests are made between the hours of midnight and 8 in the morning. Paris, as a rule, is a well-lighted city, but at night, in its denser quarters of narrow streets and winding alleys many of the worst characters pursue their calling. Even in the more frequented quarters, late at night, the police give the passer-by a close scrutiny. It is during the night that the footpads walk along the banks of the Seine or in the public parks. In Paris there are three good rules which should be remembered by one who walks abroad at night: First, always carry a thick stick; second, give a wide berth to the angle of a wall; and thirdly, if it becomes necessary to strike, strike strike first. If one remembers these the footpad is no longer to be feared.

During the night, too, a class of thieves prowl about the opera squares, robbing men who through the wine shop, or through weariness have dropped to sleep on the benches. Years ago, when the famous Canler became chief of the secret service, his style of robbery was so common that it was kept down only by disguising detectives as workmen, who pretended to fall asleep on the squares, while others watched. When the pretended sleeper felt himself robbed, a certain movement gave the signal to his fellows, who then appeared. The thief, surprised, had no other recourse than to pretend also to be asleep until the arrests made his accusation, and he was arrested with the stolen articles in his possession.

In this night work, the police, as did the London police during the series of mysterious murders in the Whitechapel district, have a curious adjunct in the shape of a number of trained spaniels, which have often aided in important captures.

Of all the cities of the world Paris presents a gathering of humankind most fearfully mixed in its elements of disorder. The criminal brought up from childhood in the capital will risk his life for the privilege of living there. Accordingly, many criminals who have been forbidden residences in Paris, in spite of the strictest surveillance of the barriers, will work their way in again and take up their career of crime under other names. Paris has for centuries been the home of the thief and the sandbagger, and is still every month the scene of daring and mysterious crimes. In Paris the daily average of men killed by violence is two, and each year there are more than 40,000 formal arrests, besides ordinary street arrests for disorder and vagabondism.

The low wine shops and gambling dens of the barriers are the spots where the most desperate and evil criminals gather to drink and to plan their robberies, and, accordingly, it is to these places that the police must often turn for a particular man who is "wanted."

Individual arrests, which are previously arranged, are done by secret service agents, who wear citizen's dress. These agents are provided with the cabriolet and ligote, and are, of course, armed with revolvers for use, in case of resistance. By the whole policy of the French police is to prevent resistance. They tie a man securely first, and later question him as to his intended behavior.

The method of arrest is unvarying. They approach their man together from behind, and at the same moment each seizes him with one hand by the coat-lapel, and with the other by the end of the sleeve. Thus, if resistance is offered, they can easily throw him on his back to the ground. Before the man has recovered from the sudden surprise of the attack, the cabriolets come into play. In the hands of these special agents, these are generally of fine steel chains, and are ten-fold more cruel and brutal than the cord ones. While the agony of the cabriolets makes it impossible for the man to mount the ligote appears. This is fastened first to one wrist, then passed once around the body and fastened to the other wrist. The arrested man is thus bound as securely as though each limb was severally chained, for, deprived of all movement of the arms, he can not even run without stumbling. Besides, so skillful are these agents in the use of these two simple instruments that in almost every case the man is completely at their mercy before he has recovered from the stupor of surprise following his sudden arrest.—Philadelphia Times.

Good News for Sufferers—Catarrh and Consumption Cured.

Our readers who are victims of Lung Diseases, Catarrh, Bronchitis and Consumption, will be glad to know of the wonderful cures made by the new treatment known as Eryomen as the Ambrol Breath Discovery. The New Medical Advance, 67 East 6th street, Cincinnati, Ohio will send you this new treatment free for trial. Write to them. Give age and all particulars of your disease.

For the Minister.

The Woman's Journal has heard of a little girl who has learned to adopt herself to circumstances.

She wrote a composition entitled "The Cow." It had two great merits—brevity and truth. It ran thus:

"The cow is a very useful animal."

That afternoon the minister called at the house, and the little girl's mother asked her to read her composition to him. She read it with emendations and improvements:

"The cow is the most useful animal except religion."

Buys the Best.

"Don't you think Lella's complexion is lovely?" said one girl to another.

"Yes; that's one thing that I admire about her. She always buys the best in the market."—Washington Star.

In Olden Times

People overlooked the importance of permanently beneficial effects and were satisfied with transient action; but now that it is generally known that Syrup of Figs will permanently cure habitual constipation, well-informed people will not buy other laxatives, which act for a time, but finally injure the system.

Here's a pretty Mess? a fine subject for Pearline. Wash the child and everything on her, with Pearline. They'll come out absolutely pure and perfect, as far as cleanliness is concerned. Pearline for bathing; Pearline for washing clothes; Pearline for washing everything that you'd put water to. Pearline is safe for the most delicate skin or most delicate fabric. Not only safe, but it makes a saving. There's no wearing rub, rub, rub, or tiresome scrub, scrub, scrub.

Beware of imitations. 435 JAMES PYLE, N.Y.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Poultry With Scaly Legs.

Mrs. G., Nebraska:—The scaly legs can be got rid of without much trouble. This disagreeable thing among poultry is caused by an insect of microscopic size. The first thing will be for you to rake away all the old straw in the poultry-house and put new straw in its place. As a remedy use equal parts of lard and sulphur, and thin it out to the consistency of cream with kerosene or lamp oil. Rub it well in, and repeat every other day until liberal applications have been made. The fowls must be kept from damp ground and out of the rain while under treatment. Your mode of feeding is good, but if you would make a warm feed of bran, mixed with clippings of onions and potatoes, or other vegetables, it would be greatly relished by the fowls. They need a change of food. The bran should be boiled, and the vegetables stirred in afterwards. Meat scarps are also good in it. The feed should be of a consistency so that it will be damp and will nearly fall apart when fed.

Butter Will Not Come.

William H., Ohio:—If the cream, as you say, rises nicely and all the conditions are favorable, the first thing to look after is the churn, as perfectly good cream is often spoiled in the churn by neglect in not getting the churn properly cleaned. Cream should always be taken from milk before it becomes old and sour. Sweet milk and cream yield butter as easily as sour cream, provided they have stood some time at an even temperature. Readiness for churning depends chiefly upon the time that has elapsed since milking and the temperature to which it has been exposed in the pans. The colder it is, the longer it must be kept. At medium temperature, 60 to 70 degrees Fahrenheit, it becomes suitable for the churn in 24 hours, or before the cream has entirely risen. If cream is allowed to get too sour, there is liable to be trouble in churning. Cream taken from milk a different times should be stirred in the cream pot at every additon. When the mass acquired a slight acid condition it should go to the churn. Cream will sometimes not turn to butter on account of the bad condition of the water the cow drinks. To insure the coming of butter, the cow should be regularly salted and the milk kept at a uniform temperature of 59 degrees. If a cow is not in perfect health animaculae will be found in the milk, which destroy its butter-making properties. Milk from cows hastily driven from pasture, or fed with distressed wintry herbage. Butter should come in 40 to 45 minutes from the time the churn is started. Too quick churning will make and unmake butter, and too slow churning will not produce the desired separation. A steady, fairly quick motion is necessary.

Colt Filled With Blisters.

A. E., New York:—Your letter would indicate mange in your colt. The bedding in the stable must all be cleaned away. If not taken in hand at once all your horses will have the disease, as it is caused by an insect. Take of lard, 1-4 lb.; flour of sulphur, 1-8 lb.; mix thoroughly and apply once a day, rubbing it in well. Before applying, spread melted lard over the spots affected, and after leaving it on for an hour wash off with warm water and soap. Dry well, and keep the colt in a dry stall until the treatment has ended.

Pip in Fowls.

E. T. M., Missouri: Pip in its broadest sense, is not a disease. It is analogous to "lead tongue" in human beings. Your fowls are very likely have a disease which is known among poultrymen as roup. For this give the affected fowls each a teaspoonful of castor oil. After this operates, make a strong solution of copperas water, and put a teaspoonful in a gill of water. Inject some of this into the nostrils with a syringe or oil can. Also, inject a little into the throat. If you have no copperas inject kerosene or common lamp oil. You must remove the sick from the well fowls, as it will spread through the entire flock. Clean up the house in which the fowls roost. If you do not remove the sick from the well fowls, there is but little use in treating them. The sick fowls must be kept in a dry, warm place. It frequently kills fowls and often lames them permanently.

Very Likely the Apple Tree Borer.

J. A. C., Illinois: The trouble with the trees is very likely the apple tree borer, of which there are two kinds. The round headed borer is a very injurious insect. The eggs are laid by a beetle about three-fourths of an inch long, with three light brown and two white stripes on its wings. It flies at night and lays its eggs on the trunk and other parts of the tree, near the ground in June and July. The young enter the bark and live there for nearly two years. They sometimes nearly girdle young trees. After the second year it eats into the wood. It will eat through a young tree, and in older ones it eats into the wood, makes a turn and comes out through the bark on the third year. It makes fine dust or chips when young, and the bark turns a dark color. The remedy is to examine the tree and dig the borer out with a strong bladed knife, or push a wire in. The flat headed borer works in the sap, makes a turn and comes out in another place, under the bark when it changes. The same remedy applies to this as the round-headed borer. In order that pomologists may give their views through The Blade Farmstead, the letter is here given:

Editor Blade Farmstead: I have a neighbor who has a nice orchard of two acres of apple trees seven years old. The orchard is a nice slope to the southeast. Every pains has been taken for the growth and culture of these trees, and to all appearance, from a casual observation, they are as fine trees as one can very easily find. But about one-third of the entire orchard are dead. Just above the ground a small dark spot appears on the bark of the body which soon girdles the three and spreads to about the width of eight inches, when the tree dies. The wood of the trees is perfectly sound and green to the heart and the roots are healthy. There is no discernible signs of the work of any insect. If you or any of the readers of the Farmstead will tell what is the matter with these trees and the remedy, it will confer a real favor upon the owner.—J. A. C., Illinois.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Wild Fruits and Flowers of the Rocky Mountains.

Editor Blade Farmstead:—I thought it would be interesting to at least give a few of The Blade readers to a few fruits and flowers that grow in the Rockies. The Rocky Mountain cherry is one of the most productive fruits that grow. The fruit when ripe is jet black, and almost the size of an old-fashioned black cherry. It is ornamental as well as useful, both in flower and fruit. It is not affected by insects or disease. The bush grows from three to five feet high, and I have seen them when they were a perfect cluster of fruit.

Mountain June berry: This excellent fruit grows on a bush seldom more than three feet high. The berries are the size of large currants, being green in an unripe state, and changing to a bright scarlet, and when fully ripe to a dark purplish blue. And as the three colors hang in clusters upon the bush they present a most charming and appetizing sight. The raspberries have light red color, fine flavor. Gooseberries grow very smooth, and I have seen some that were very large. Mountain grape: I have only seen one patch of this sort, and it certainly was the oddest sight I ever saw in the shape of grapes. The vines or bushes I saw were not more than one foot high, and eight or ten bunches of grapes on a bush. The foliage resembles the tame varieties, only the leaves are not quite so large.

I shall only name a few of the wild flowers of the Rocky mountains: The standing cypress, scarlet, pink, white, and variegated; mountain columbine; Iris, white and blue of different shades; Indian pink; tiger lily; clyclamen; wall flower; blue violet; flowering peas; calahortus. The crocus is the first to bloom in the spring. I have seen them in full bloom when there was snow on the ground. Being a ranchman and an ex-Union soldier, I enjoy reading the Farmstead and the Camp Fire columns. I also admire the stand you take on the money question and protection to our American industries.—T. B. Thompson, New Mexico.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Feeding Back the Bees.

The dry summer of last year no doubt cut short the supply of honey to the extent of endangering the life of the bees before the bloom of spring arrives again. To lessen the danger feeding will have to be more or less resorted to. A writer in the American Cultivator says: When the flower season comes to an end the problem of bee-keeping begins. The question is how to feed them through the remainder of the season without costing as much as they have made during the summer. The idea of the bees in gathering honey is to accumulate enough stores to keep them supplied through the winter, and to have an abundance for the young ones which are hatched out in the cells in the spring. But we must take most of this honey to sell, if we are to make a profit by the business, and yet the bees must not be starved. A false impression seems to prevail among some bee-keepers that bees make honey, and consequently anymake honey, and consequently anymake honey, and consequently anymake

Talmage's Sermon.

DR. TALMAGE PREACHES ON AN UNIQUE TEXT.

Character of Children is Formed During the First Ten Years—A Question Always Asked.

Dr. Talmage preached Sunday forenoon on the text, Judges v. 28. "The mother of Sisera looked out at a window."

Spiked to the ground of Jael's tent lay the dead commander-in-chief of the Canaanitish host, General Sisera, not far from the river Kishon, which was only a dry bed of pebbles when we crossed it, but the gullies and ravines which ran into it indicated the possibility of great freshets like the one at the time of the text. General Sisera had gone out with nine hundred iron chariots, but he was defeated, and his chariot wheels interlocked with the wheels of other chariots, he could not retreat fast enough, and so he leaped to the ground and ran till, exhausted, he went into Jael's tent for safety. She had just been churning, and when he asked for water she gave him buttermilk,which in the East is considered a most refreshing drink. Very tired, and supposing he was safe, he went to sleep upon the floor, but Jael, who had resolved upon his death, took a tent pin, long and round and sharp, in one hand and a hammer in her other hand, and putting the sharp end of the tent pin to the forehead of Sisera with her other hand she lifted the hammer and brought it down on the head of the pin with a stout stroke, when Sisera struggled to rise, and she struck him again, and he struggled to rise, and the third time she struck him, and the commander-in-chief of the Canaanitish host lay dead.

Meanwhile in the distance Sisera's mother sits amid surroundings of wealth and pomp and scenes palatial, waiting for his return. Every mother expects her son to be victorious, and this mother looked out at the window expecting to see him drive up in his chariot followed by wagons loaded with embroideries and also by regiments of men vanquished and enslaved. I see her now sitting at the window, in high expectation. She watches the furthest turn of the road. She looks for the flying dust of the swift hoofs. The first flash of the bit of the horses' bridle she will catch.

The ladies of her court stand round and she tells them of what they shall have when her son comes up—chains of gold and carcanets of beauty and dresses of such wondrous fabric and splendor, as the Bible only hints at but leaves us to imagine. "He ought to be here by this time," says his mother, "that battle is surely over. I hope that freshet of the river Kishon has not impeded him. I hope those strange appearances we saw last night in the sky were not ominous, when the stars seemed to fight in their courses. No! No! he is so brave in battle I know he has won the day. He will soon be here." But alas for the disappointed mother; she will not see the glittering headgear of the horses at full gallop bringing her son home from victorious battle. As a solitary messenger arriving in hot haste rides up to the window at which the mother of Sisera sits, he cries: "Your armies are defeated and your son is dead." That is a scene of horror and anguish from which we turn away.

Now you see the full meaning of my short text: "The mother of Sisera looked out at a window." Well, my friends, we are all out in the battle of life; it is raging now, and the most of us have a mother watching and waiting for news of our victory or defeat. If she be not sitting at the window she is sitting at the window of heaven, and she is going to hear all about it.

By all the rules of war Sisera ought to have been triumphant. He had nine hundred chariots and a host of many thousands vaster than the armies of Israel. But God was on the other side; and the angry freshets of Kishon and the hail, the lightning and the thunderbolts, war-horses and the capsized chariots and the panic in the sky discomfited Sisera. Josephus, in his history, describes the scene in the following words: "When they were come to a close fight there came down from heaven a great storm with a vast quantity of hail, and the wind blew the rain in the face of the Canaanites, and so darkened their eyes their arrows and slings were of no advantage to them, nor would the coldness of the air permit the soldiers to make use of their swords; while such storm did not annoy the Israelites, because it came on their backs. They also took such courage upon the apprehension that God was assisting them that they fell upon the very midst of their enemies and slew a great number of them so that some of them fell by the Israelites, some fell by their own horses, which were put into disorder, and not a few were killed by their own chariots."

"Hence, my hearers, the bad news brought to the mother of Sisera looking out at the window. And our mother, whether sitting at a window of earth or a window of heaven, will hear the news of our victory or defeat. Not according to our talents or educational equipment or our opportunities, but according us to whether God is for us or against us.

"Where is mother?" is the question most frequently asked in many households. It is asked by the husband, as well as the child, coming in at nightfall. "Where's mother?" It is asked by the little ones when they get hurt and come in crying with the pain: "Where's mother?" It is asked by those who have seen some grand sight, or heard some good news, or received some beautiful gift: "Where's mother?" She sometimes feels wearied by the question, for they all ask it and keep asking it all the time. She is not only the first to hear every case of perplexity, but she is the judge in every court of domestic appeal. That is what puts the premature wrinkles on so many maternal faces, and powders white so many maternal foreheads. You see, it is a question that keeps on for all the years of childhood. It comes from the nursery and from the evening stand where the boys and the girls are learning their school lesson ,and from the starting out in the morning, when the tippet or hat or slate or book or shoe is lost, until at night all out of breath the youngsters come in and shout until you can hear them from cellar to garret, and from front door to the back fence of the back yard: "Where's mother?" Indeed, a child's life is so full of that question that if he be taken away one of the things that the mother most misses and the silence that most oppresses her, is the absence of that question, which she will never hear on earth again, except she hears it in a dream which sometimes restores the nursery just as it was, and then the voice sounds back so natural, and so sweet, and so innocent, and so inquiring, that the dream breaks at the words, "Where's mother?"

If that question were put to most of us this morning, we would have to say, if we spoke truthfully, like Sisera's mother, she is at the palace window. She has become a queen unto God forever, and she is pulling back the rich folds of the king's upholstery to look down at us. We are not told the particulars about the residence of Sisera's mother, but there is that scene in the Book of Judges so much about embroideries and needlework and ladies in waiting, that we know her residence must have been princely and palatial. So we have no minute and particular description of the palace at whose window our glorified mother sits, but there is so much in the closing chapters of the good old book about crowns, and pearls big enough to make a gate out of one of them, new songs, and marriage suppers, and harps, and white horses with kings in the stirrups, and golden candlesticks that we know the heavenly residence of our mother is superb, is unique, is colonnaded, is domed, is embowered, is fountained, is glorified, beyond the power of pencil or pen or tongue to present, and in the window of that palace, the mother sits, watching for news from the battle.

What a contrast between that celestial surrounding and her once earthly surroundings. What a work to bring up a family in the old-time way, with but little or no help, except perhaps for the washing-day, or for the swine-slaughtering, commonly called the "killing-day." There was then no reading of elaborate treatises of the best modes of rearing children, and then leaving it all to hired help, with one or two visits a day to the nursery to see if the principles announced are being carried out. The most of those old folks did the sewing, the washing, the mending, the darning, the patching, the millinery, the manufacturing, the housekeeping, and in hurried harvest time helped spread the hay or tread down the load in the mow. They were at the same time caterers, tailors, doctors, chaplains and nurses for a whole household all together down with measles or scarlet fever, or round the house with whooping cough and croups and run-round fingers and ear-aches, and all the infantile distempers which at some time swoop upon every large household. Some of those mothers never got rested in this world. Instead of the self-rocking cradles of our day, which, wound up, will go hour after hour for the solace of the young slumberer, it was weary foot on the rocker sometimes half the day or half the night—rock—rock—rock—rock instead of our drug stores filled with all the wonders of materia medica and called up through a telephone, with them the only apothecary shop for four miles' ride was like going to court to get Wynne's peppermint and pennyroyal and catnap and mustard and camomile flowers, which were expected to do everything.

Just think of it! Fifty years of preparing breakfast, dinner and supper! The chief music they heard was that of spinning-wheel and rocking-chair. Fagged out, headachey, and with ankles swollen, those old fashioned mothers—if any persons ever fitted appropriately into a good, easy, comfortable heaven, they were the folks, and they got there at last they are landed. They wear no spectacles, for they have their third sight—as they lived long enough on earth to get their second sight and they do not have to part for breath after going up the crystal stairs of the 10 Spruce St., at whose window they now sit waiting for news from the battle.

But if any one keeps on asking the question "Where's mother?" I answer, she is in your present character. The probability is that your physical features suggest her. If there be seven children in a household at least one of them will look like the mother, and the older you get the more you will look like her. But I speak now especially of your character, and not of your looks. This is easily explained. During the first ten years of your life you were almost all the time with her, and your father you saw only mornings and nights. There are no years in any life so important for impression as the first ten. Then and there is the impression made for virtue or vice, for truth or falsehood, for bravery or cowardice, for religion or scepticism. Suddenly start out from behind a door and frighten the child and you may shatter his nervous system for a lifetime. During the first ten years you can tell him enough spook stories to make him a coward till he dies.

Act before him as though Friday were an unlucky day, and it were baleful to have thirteen at the table, or see the moon over the left shoulder, and he will never recover from the idiotic superstitions. You may give that girl before she is ten years old a fondness for dress that will make her a mere "dummy frame," of fashion plate for forty years. Ezekiel xvi. 44. As is the mother so is her daughter."

Give that child an overdose of catechism and make him recite verses of the Bible as a punishment, and make Sunday a bore, and he will become a stout antagonism of Christianity. Impress him with the kindness and the geniality and the lovelyness of religion, and he will be its advocate and exemplar for all time and eternity.

There is one thought that is almost too tender for utterance. I almost fear to start it lest I have not enough control of my emotions to conclude it. O, when we were children we so often came in from play or from a hurt or from some childish injustice practiced upon us, and as soon as the door was opened we cried: "Where's mother?" and she said: "Here I am," and we buried our weeping face in her lap; so after a while when we get through with the pleasures and hurts of this life, we will, by the pardoning mercy of Christ, enter the heavenly home and among the first questions, not the first but among the first, will be the old question that we used to ask, the question that is being asked in thousands of places at this very moment—the question: "Where's mother?" And it will not take long for us to find her or for her to find us, for she will have been watching at the window for our coming, and with the other children of our household of earth, we will again gather round her, and she will say: "Well! how did you get through the battle of life? I have often heard from others about your fight, but now I want to hear it from your own sons. Tell me all about it, my children!" And then we will tell her of all our earthly experiences, the battles, the marriages, the birth hours, the burials, the heartbreaks, the losses, the gains, the victories, the defeats, and she will say, "Never mind it is all over now. I see each one of you has a crown which was given you at the gate as you came through. Now cast it at the feet of the Christ who saved you and saved me and saved us all. Thank God we are never to part, and for all the ages of eternity you will never again have to ask 'Where's mother?'"

An Unseen Enemy

Is more to be dreaded than an open and visible one. That subtle and lurking foe, which under the generic name of malaria manifests itself, when it catches us in its tenacious grasp, in the various form of chills and fever, bilious remittent, dumb ague or agues cake, can only be effectually guarded against by fortifying the system against its insidious attacks with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a thorough antidote to the poison of miasma in the swamp and an safeguard against it thoroughly to be relied upon. In the event of a malarious attack, avoid poisoning your system with quinine, and use instead this wholesome remedy, unobjectionable in taste and far more efficacious than any drug. Use the Bitters for dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, kidney complaints and rheumatism.

WOMEN IN BARBERS' CHAIRS.

Always a Crowd in Front of This Curtainless Bang Trimming Shop.

Everybody knows how silly a dandified a man looks in a barber's chair, with a long white apron concealing all his personality except his head and lathered face. Very few men will consent to be shaved in public—that is, where any one but the barber and other men covered with aprons and lather can see them. Only a few shops on lower Third avenue do business in full view of passers by.

A woman in a barber's chair looks twice as foolish as a man in the same predicament, and it is probably for this reason that a hairdressing shop just around the corner from Tammany Hall has a crowd in front of its doors most of the time. There are no curtains and no screens, and it affords the crowd much amusement to see the hairdresser and his assistants working away at the blond and brunette heads of the women who sit in the chairs inside and have their bangs cut and their locks trimmed from 8 o'clock in the morning till 9 o'clock at night.

Most of the business is done in the early evening. The customers that frequent this particular shop do not rise very early in the day and are particularly wide awake at night. Fifteen cents is the price for cutting an detrimuing bangs, and the shop does a rushing business and clears a good profit even at this low rate. But the young women in the barber's chairs look very funny from the street. Only a head shows above the expanse of flowing white apron, and a man who halts in front of the door to look always feels ashamed of himself for spying on the mysteries of a woman's toilet. Lots of men stop to see the performances, however, and the women in the chairs don't seem to mind it.—New York World

UNIQUE DENTISTRY.

The Methods Were Unscientific, but the Results Were Satisfactory.

One of the guests at the Riggs House recently was complaining of an aching tooth, and inquired at the office where he could find a good dentist. He secured the information and went out to find relief, when Proprietor DeWitte smiled at a funny reminiscence.

"I shall never forget a tooth-pulling incident that occurred when I was a youngster," he remarked. "My uncle, who was a physician, had a great, big, stalwart colored man for a servant. His name was Buck, and one day he went into his master's office and complained that one of his teeth was nearly killing him. My uncle advised him to go and have it taken out. Buck declined. 'Naw, Indeedy, boss,' he exclaimed, 'hit wud doss fairly kill me ter hab dis toof jucked out.' My uncle then told him he would fix it for him by using a little magic. Buck was captured with all the superstition of his race, and he readily acquiesced in the suggestion, for he thought the doctor could do anything. The old gentleman took the small string from his violin, and, making a loop, dropped it over Buck's aching tooth and drew it taut. Then he led Buck out to the hitching-post, and made him stand on his tip-toes, which brought his eyes on a level with the top of the post, and tied the catgut around it. Upon the flat surface of the top he poured some gunpowder, and then solemnly warning Buck not to move, he returned to the house. Suddenly he came rushing out of the kitchen door with a glowing coal of fire held in a pair of tongs. Buck saw him coming and backed for all he was worth. But he left that tooth in front of him."—Washington Post.

Plenty of Cash.

A French authority estimates the wealth of the United Kingdom at $150,000,000,- and her half a

The Camp Fire.

Price in Missouri in 1864.

Editor Camp Fire:—I know that this discussion is against your rules, but will you kindly give me space in reply to Comrade Shockley and "Buckskin," in the Blade Camp Fire of December 21? Well, Comrade Shockley, I did not spell Gen. Blunt's name with an e, not intentionally, at least. Yes, I know that Gen. Blunt met Price at Lexington, and that he had another skirmish at Little Blue; but I never understood that there was an all day's battle. I also understood that Gen. Blunt had about 2,500 men, but that was not very many in front of Price's 20,000, was it? I do not wish to take any glory away from Gen. Blunt and his gallant men, and I also knew that Price was between two fires at Little Blue.

Kettle's History of the Rebellion, says on pages 109-10, that Curtis was repulsed by Shelby at Westport, who in return was repulsed by Pleasanton. Do you remember anything about that incident? I believe I do. Now, Comrade Shockley, did you not hear Pleasanton's guns at Independence the evening of October 22? We had quite a skirmish there, and it lasted from about 3 p. m. until dark. The 15th Mo. Vet. Cav. made a saber charge and captured two guns and about 200 prisoners.

I also knew about Major Anderson getting lost at Big Blue. I saw every regiment that Blunt had the next day including the 1st Ind. colored (not Colorado, as you put it). Comrade Brownlng, if you remember, said that Blunt and Lane did all of the fighting on that day. If he had not done so, I should not have replied to him.

Yes, "Buckskin," at that time I knew you very well. I do not think there is any quarrel between us. I also went with Gen. Sanborn from Jefferson City to Boonville, and back to California, Mo., where we joined the other brigades of Pleasanton. Then came the pursuit to Independence, Big Blue, Mine Creek, etc. Did you actually stand off Jeff Thompson's entire division alone and single-handed at Sedalia? We did not follow Price any further than Fort Scott. We returned to Warrensburg with the captured artillery. Gens. Marmaduke and Cabell (not Gokel, as you have it) and about 300 other prisoners.

Now, "Buckskin," you will probably admit that this is all contrary to the rules of the Camp Fire. If this should be accepted, let us not trouble the editor any further. My address will be Barnard, Kan. I would like to correspond with you and Comrade Shockley.—L. Underowod, Battery L, 2d Mo. L. A.

Trading With the Enemy.

Editor Camp Fire: I volunteered in the 10th West Virginia Infantry at Buckhannon, in June, 1862, for three years, or during the war; had a very hard time; was in every battle that was fought in the Shenandoah valley in 1864, and the fighting around Richmond, Petersburg and Hatcher's Run, and was at the surrender of Lee. I cut a piece out of the apple tree under which he surrendered, and brought it home with me to keep as a memento for my children.

While our army was stationed at Chapin farm, below Richmond, in the spring of 1865, our boys and the Confederates would often meet close by the picket posts and trade coffee for tobacco, etc.

One day I was trading with two South Carolina soldiers in a little clump of woods near the picket posts, of which I was corporal, when I saw the officer of the day coming to the post. I told the rebs I would have to go to my post, but after the officer left I would come back and finish up trading. When I went to the post there was a citizen from Pennsylvania with the officer, and I told the colonel (who was the officer) that I had been trading with the rebs. He said: "Well, go and tell them to come to the post;" that he and the citizen wanted to see them, and that they should not be hurt. I went and told them. They came, but very reluctantly. The Pennsylvanian was nearly excited. He got off his horse, walked around the rebs and remarked: "Well, don't that beat you!" Then he would draw a long breath and remark, "And you say these are wild rebels? Well, now, won't this be something big for me to tell when I get home?"

The colonel said to the rebs: "Boys, we have the country where you live. You had better stay with us, and we will give you $12.50 for your guns and cartridge-boxes, and a free pass to your homes." They answered: "Colonel, we would rather go down this other way," pointing over the land route. The colonel said "Well, boys, you can go back," and they bowed and went to their post, while the Pennsylvanian felt that he was a much wiser man.

I have never seen anything in the Camp Fire from part of our old brigade, the 28th Ohio and the 23d Illinois. Boys, let us hear from you.—William G. Hamrick, Co. E, 10th W. Va. Infft.

The Battle of Nashville.

Editor Camp Fire:—As I have not seen anything from the 130th Indiana, I thought I would throw on a chunk, and see if I could not draw some of them out by giving a description of the part taken in the 3d brigade, 2d division of the 23d corps, of which they were a part, with the 3d and 6th Tennessee, 99th Ohio and 25th Michigan.

We were on the reserve for a while in the morning, in the rear of the 22d Indiana battery. They took position near a house, and were giving it to them in good shape, when a shot from the rebel guns struck the chimney, and such a shower of brickbats I never saw before. With rust until we could not see anything about the battery. As soon as it cleared away, they moved to another position. About that time they hustled us around on the right flank, just in time to see the cavalry take a small fort, but not in time to take a hand. We marched up past the fort, formed in line, and about that time the rebs run a battery up on a hill in our front.

Without waiting for them to commence firing we went for them, and before they had fired more than two or three rounds, we were over there, and the battery was ours, with about one hundred prisoners. After we started, the cavalry followed up and passed the most of us before we got there. I always thought before that cavalry did not amount to much in a fight; but I changed my mind after that. They were armed with repeating carbines, and not having any load to carry, one of them was worth three of us. After that we put up breastworks, and in the night othe rtroops came in on our right and formed an ell. The next evening the 16th corps charged on our left, and the troops on our right went across, cut off the rebels' retreat and captured a large number of prisoners. If no one who is more capable will undertake it, I don't know but I will try to give a description of our raid south of Nashville and the time we had before we got in. Comrade Craig might give us that, as he was captured by the bushwhackers.—Zenas J. Wright, Co. K, 130th Ind. Vols.

Down in Louisiana.

Editor Camp Fire:—I never heard from but one comrade from the old Fourth—O. J. Smith's—division, Thirteenth Army corps, until December 14. I saw a letter from Comrade J. A. Miller, Company F, Ninety-sixth O. V. I. We were in the same brigade all through the war. I was glad to hear from one of the Sixteenth Ohio boys, for they were warm friends of ours. The comrade spoke of being at Berwick bay, La., in the fall of 1863, and of the fight at Grand Coteau, La., November 3, 1863. I well remember that day, for our regiment held our election, and I cast my first vote for Lincoln. We voted, were paid off in the forenoon, and while we were enjoying our dinner of crackers and coffee we were ordered to fall in. We could hear the rattle of musketry; we formed into line in a narrow strip of timber. I thought the fight was pretty hot, for while it lasted we had several wounded and over half of my company were taken prisoners I escaped. I know I shot one rebel cavalryman. I was mad to think they wouldn't give us time to drink our coffee. There was one of my comrades who got stuck in the mud; we had to cross a slough, and he called for me to wait. I pulled his boots out of the mud, and I went on. I had no time to wait for him to pull on his boots, as the rebs were all 'round us. We went through the timber on to the prairie again then we made a stand, formed again, and General Burbridge rode along the line and said: "Fix bayonets!" Then he said our muskets were longer than their sabres, and we could poke them off. Command was given: "Forward march," on we went. When we got to the timber the rebs. left, so we gained our ground before night, but the Second brigade came up on double quick. That was why the rebs. left, or we would all have been captured.—B. F. Webb, Company E, Twenty-third Wisconsin, V. I.

Personal Reminiscences.

Editor Camp Fire:—I will say a few words in corroboration of Comrade N. W. Orden, Twenty-fifth Michigan. His story about the cow occurred before we were brigaded with them, but we were not very far away. We were on our way from Blyth's Ferry to Knoxville. I shall never forget that memorable trip, for we were going toward home. The great majority of our regiment lived up that way. We got one of Jeff's cannons at Loudon, and stayed there or across the river from London all day, and one funny thing happened there to a comrade of Company D. His sister came into camp and asked me if J. D. was there, her brother. I turned round, and, as I thought, pointed to the brother who stood close by. She made for her way to him, and if ever you saw a young man get a hugging he did. But to her mortification it was the wrong boy. I really felt bad, because it was my fault. I also remember the time we were relieved from the front there were many of the Twenty-fifth boys came over the night before we started away. Next morning there were tears shed by many of the old Twenty-fifth. The thought of home crossed their minds when we started. We marched up in front of brigade headquarters, and gave three cheers for Colonel Moore and the First brigade—he being the colonel of the Twenty-fifth and in command of the brigade. I have found one of the 130 Persimmons out here in Oregon. I found him in the G. A. R. hall one night, and we had quite a time. Now, if he happens to see me down town, he will say: "How are you, Sandigger?" and I will say: "How are you, Persimmon knocker?" Let me hear from some more of the First brigade.—G. C. Brown, Company C, Sixth Tennessee.

A Quarrel Over Bacon.

Editor Camp Fire:—In 1862 while on a raid in Mississippi, our government supplies were entirely cut off for several weeks, and we had to subsist entirely on the surrounding country. After going into camp one evening, several of us started for a planter's house near by. Before reaching it we saw several of our boys rushing out of one of the negro huts, one of them carrying in his hand a steaming pot of cooked meat. The other fellow was in close pursuit, loudly demanding a portion of its contents. I ran into the hut, which was occupied by several of the boys. The first thing I saw was a pan of genuine old Mississippi bacon frying on the fire. I asked no questions, but at once helped myself to a piece of bacon. Orlando Patterson flew into a rage, saying the bacon belonged to him, and squared off at me for a fight. I confronted him. As the bacon was blistering my fingers, I threw it back into the pan. I had now become somewhat enraged myself, largely on account of having burned my fingers. The orderly sergeant, a six-footer, who was greedily gulping down some of the bacon, now sprang at me, muttering through his clenched teeth as he clinched me by the collar: "Now, I will make an example of you." We had been on the best of terms for some time, so I answered him: "You will, will you?" clutched him by the throat, and ran him backward on the double-quick across the room until he struck a bed, and over he went. I still retaining my hold on him. Then up came Patterson, who was naturally a real good fellow, and now laughing, said to me: "Johnnie, don't hurt him, I guess we all were a little to blame." The next day our company and Co. M. got into a fight with the rebs. Co. M got badly cut up, so Comrade Patterson and several more of the boys were detailed to hastily bury their dead.—J. P. Stoffen, Co. L, 324 Mich. V. V. Cav.

Splinters.

Comrade T. J Gordon, Battery H, 2d Ills. Art., cast his first vote while in the army, and wants to know what has become of the boys of Whittemore's Battery?

Comrades, don't fail to read the first paper of the series, "Stories of War Time," which begins in this week's issue, on the second page. The entire series will be well worth your perusal.

FOR INDIGESTION
Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. W. DANFORTH, Milwaukee, Wis., says: "It is in daily use here by hundreds of my acquaintances and patients, principally for stomach troubles, indigestion, etc., with the best of effect."

A Muff.

He (at the dance)—"I beg pardon, but when Mrs. Robinson introduced me I failed to catch your name."

She (sweetly)—"Ball."

He—"Great Caesar—what a muff! And I'm on the college team, too!"—Puck.

Conditional.

The Old Gentleman—"And you really think you must have my daughter's hand, my boy?"

He (devotedly)—"I do, sir."

The Old Gentleman—"Well, remember it includes a sixteen-button glove. Take her; be happy!"—Truth.

Couldn't Fool Her.

The Match-Maker—"Come, May, dear. I want to have you meet Mr. Jenkins. He says you're a little duck, and that he's after you."

May—"I guess it's not the duck he's after; it's the ducats."—Music and Drama.

DOES TOBACCO TASTE GOOD ?

User says, "Oh, yes." Think a moment—first chew didn't? "No, that's so." Made you sick? "Yes." Your taste required educating, until the nervous system learned to like and look for its tobacco stimulant. Now you chew or smoke ALL THE TIME, because you have to. If you want to free your nervous system from tobacco's power use

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The Sunday School.

God's Covenant With Noah.

LESSON IV., JANUARY 28, 1894.

Golden Text: I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth.—Gen. 9:13.

LESSON TEXT.

(Gen. 9:8-17.)

8. And God spake unto Noah, and to his sons with him, saying,

9. And I, behold, I establish my covenant with you, and with your seed after you:

10. And with every living creature that is with you, of the fowl, of the cattle, and of every beast of the earth with you; from all that go out of the ark, to every beast of the earth.

11. And I will establish my covenant with you; neither shall all flesh be cut off any more by the waters of a flood; neither shall there any more be a flood to destroy the earth.

12. And God said, This is the token of the covenant which I make between me and you, and every living creature that is with you, for perpetual generations:

13. I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth.

14. And it shall come to pass, when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the cloud:

15. And I will remember my covenant, which is between me and you and every living creature of all flesh; and the waters shall no more become a flood to destroy all flesh.

16. And the bow shall be in the cloud; and I will look upon it, that I may remember the everlasting covenant between God and every living creature of all flesh that is upon the earth.

17. And God said unto Noah, This is the token of the covenant, which I have established between me and all flesh that is upon the earth.

Illustrative Applications.

And God spake unto Noah (v. 8). The child of God is never alone. Even if all his fellows were swept away from the earth, God would be near him. And if God be near, how can any person be desolate or hopeless? Here is comfort for the boy or girl away from home, missing father and mother, and feeling all alone for the time; comfort for the orphaned; comfort for the widowed; comfort for the one in sickness among strangers; comfort for the betrayed one, for the slandered one, for the one misunderstood or deserted; comfort for the one called to stand out for the right against all those whom he has held dear; comfort for all who are tempted to despair. God lives. God is true. God is loving. God is near. God speaks—speaks words of tenderness, of sympathy, of wisdom, of courage. Hear ye the word of the Lord!

I establish my covenant with you (v. 9). When God makes a promise, he does not say that he will try to do as he has agreed to. He says that he will do it, and do it he will. We never need trouble ourselves to ask how God can keep one of his promises, or whether he can keep it. All we have to do is to rest right down on that promise as firmer than the eternal hills. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away." A skeptical courier was once so sure that God could not keep a promise spoken by an inspired prophet that he asked sneeringly: "Behold, if the Lord should make windows in heaven, might this thing be!" But, "this thing" came to pass according to the promise, and that without any new openings in the sky. Every covenant of the Lord is established—established a great deal more firmly than the foundations of the earth, or than the circuit of the planets. Whatever else is to be questioned, God's word standeth sure.

And with your seed after you. God's promises for our children are just as specific and just as sure as his promises for ourselves. We have the same right to plead on the former as on the latter. We have a right to plead his covenant promise when we ask for a blessing on ourselves. We have the same right to plead his covenant promise when we ask for a blessing on our children. And in both cases we ought to ask in faith, nothing doubting. And in both cases it will be to us according to our faith. It was when a father was pleading with Jesus to send the devil out of his child that Jesus said, "If thou canst believe"—believe for your devil-possessed child—"all things are possible for him that believeth"—possible in behalf of the child for whom you pray. It is the same now as then. God's covenant is with you and with your seed after you. Do you rest down on that covenant in all its breadth and fulness, and feel as sure of its truth for yours as for you?

Neither shall all flesh be cut off any more by the waters of the flood (v. 11). Here is a "law of nature." This is something to stand by. Now, if all the scientists in all the earth should be agreed that the forces of nature are sure to bring about a universal deluge to sweep away mankind, say in five centuries or in five million eons, the word of those scientists would be just as sure not to come to pass as the prophecy of Noah that a deluge would come in his day was sure to be made good in spite of all that the scientists of that time thought about the probabilities. It is in these little glimpses in God's Word of his plan in nature that show us what we can believe and what we ought to disbelieve. God is the author of the book of nature and the book of revelation. Those books are sure to agree. But we must not confound the inferences which men make from their study of nature with the specific declarations of the written revelation; nor is a true and reverent scientist likely to do so.

When I bring a cloud over the earth, the bow will be seen in the cloud (v. 14). Without the cloud there is no rainbow. The two are inseparable. We may not always see the bow; but some one sees it. At the right standpoint it is sure to be seen. We may not always see the cloud, but it is somewhere; it is between the light and that iridescent arch. It must be so. It is only when the night shuts in that the stars shine out plainly. There are promises and graces which are never recognized by God's children except in an hour of bereavement and of gloom. The outside world takes on new colors when looked at through tears. We may shrink as the clouds of trial shut out the clear sky from our view; but our hearts will be glad when we see the brightness of the rainbow of new mercies, and but for those clouds we could never see that bow. When we see the cloud coming, let us remember the promise of the rainbow, and watch for its appearing.

I will remember my covenant (v. 15). God's is a wonderful memory. There is only one thing which he ever forgets; and that is the sins of those whom he has pardoned. "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." He says of those who are His children through faith. But His promises God never forgets. He never forgets to be gracious and loving according to His covenant. Our memories are very different from God's. We often forget our sins before they are pardoned, and then remember and dwell on them after God has forgotten them. And we often forget God's promises just when we need them most. We forget His promise to forgive. His promise to answer prayer. His promise to supply our wants. His promise of strength against temptation. His promise of good out of seeming evil. His promise to our children. His promise of peace to us and them. When the cloud comes we forget the promise of the rainbow. When we see the bow itself, we forget its full meaning; but God never forgets to send the bow with the cloud, nor does He forget the covenant of which that bow is the token.—H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.

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TO AN AUDIENCE OF ONE.

Edwin Forrest, John W. Forney and Daniel Dougherty in Julius Caesar.

While in the zenith of his superb powers and at the very height of his fame, Edwin Forrest, the greatest actor of his day, once played on a Christmas night one of his most successful characters to an audience of but one person.

The play was Julius Caesar, the place of its presentation the inner sanctum of the chief editor's office in the Press building, at Seventh and Chestnut streets, and the cast of characters: Julius Caesar, Daniel Dougherty; Cassius, Edwin Forest; Marc Antony, Edwin S. Conner; Brutus, John W. Forney. What manager of to-day or any other day would not be proud to produce a Shakespearian drama with such a combination of players—Dougherty, the silver-tongued; Forney, the journalist and statesman; Conner, the veteran of the stage, and Forrest, the towering giant of the dramatic profession. Is it any wonder that the audience of one should feel that he was at once lucky and a highly honored citizen?

It was only a few years before Forrest's death that on this Christmas Sunday night he strolled into the Press office to have a chat with his old friend Forney. A few moments later Dougherty came, and was soon followed by Conner, who was a frequent visitor to the editor. The meeting was purely accidental, but they were all close friends, and the surprise was a pleasurable one. Dougherty, as is well known, had in his early days a predilection for the drama, and narrowly escaped being an actor himself. Indeed, he was a good friend of the actor, and was famous, especially in that celebrated discourse on "The Stage," Forney, too, was an ardent admirer of the players' art, and once had a strong desire to figure behind the foot lights.

It was not strange, then, that the talk of this noted quartet soon shifted toward plays and players and this was soon followed by recitations. Dougherty gave his "Shamus O'Brien," which alone had made him famous. Forney rendered several passages from Bancroft's "Lying Strike," which the editor greatly admired, and when the latter uttered his favorite "Curse" and the audience—which was William H. Brady, Col. Forney's stenographer—to "look the door, Brady, and don't let another soul in," to prove that he could give the notable performance of Shakespeare's play.

The minor roles were merely recited "by cues," while Brady, when the occasion arose, in his demands for supernumerary assistance, acted as the "Roman populace," soldiers and retainers of all sorts where presence was necessary to give the proper emphasis to points in the drama. Brady, who is an old theater-goer and considers himself a critic, says to this day that "Julius Caesar" was never played before or since as it was played that Christmas night.

All these noted men have passed from the stage of life. Forrest first, next Forney, then Conner, and last Dougherty. And of each it could be said in the words of Marc Antony over Brutus: "He was a man."—Philadelphia Record.

Hood's Sarsaparilla only Hood's.

A MAINE CAT STORY.

The Clergymen Threw Out Fifty Cats and There Were More Left.

This cat story comes to the Norway (Me.) Advertiser from a Free Baptist clergyman, consequently it must be true. In his parish lived a man and his wife, very poor in all their surroundings, yet firm in the faith. They were very anxious for the minister to visit them. He did so, and found a poor house, small, very small. The minister was given a bed, the only bed. He must tarry another night. He learned that the woman lodged on a lounge in the living room, said room containing all the requisites of kitchen, dining-room and parlor, while the lord of the household slept on the floor. In some way the minister gave them to understand that it would delight him to lie on the lounge. When about to retire he mentioned to the man that it would be advisable to put out of doors two cats in the room, which was done. After lying for a few moments on his couch out came two cats from beneath the lounge, spitting and crying. His arose and threw them out. Very soon the same scene was enacted again, and again, until he became disturbed with superstitious emotions. He knew not what to do, and still they came and still out they went, and in they came, all the long night. In the morning when the man came in the dominie asked:

"How many cats have you here? I have thrown out fifty or more, and I don't know but what there are more under the lounge."

He raised the valance, and lo, a cat here through the wall of the house.

SOLITAIRE DIAMONDS.

"Tom, were you frightened when you asked me to be your wife?"

"No; I knew exactly how much your father intended to give you."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"What is your daughter's dowry?" asked Jimpson.

"Just about enough to pay the gas and fuel bills of your courtship period," retorted the cautious father.—Harper's.

"Is the man Grace is going to marry rich?"

"I am sure he must be from the way he acts."

"Gives her expensive presents, eh?"

"No; horribly stingy."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Though consistency's a very precious jewel,
It is not consistent for the clerk to fling
Down his eight weeks' pay to purchase
for some cruel
Little girl a lovely, sparkling diamond
ring.
—Puck.

"Do you believe," he said, as he tenderly stroked her hair, "do you believe that a deep, abiding love like ours can ever die out?"

"Not now, George. I don't," she responded. "But I always did in my previous engagements."—Chicago Record.

"Mr. Wibbles," she said, firmly, "I desire that you understand my feelings concerning Christmas presents. It is my opinion that it would be proper for me to accept some trifling souvenir; nothing more."

"Well," said Willie, very much embarrassed, "I don't know whether that what I intended to offah you could be so described or not."

"What is it?"

"Why—er—the life's devotion of a sincere heart—and all that sort of thing, don't you know. In short, I was going to offer you the name of Mrs. Wibbles."—Washington Star.

Two Experts.

The talk had drifted to mental phenomena, when suddenly the maiden shyly asked:

"Are you a—a mind reader, Horace?"

"I am, Susie," he said.

"So am I!"

And she held out her finger for the ring. She had seen its bulging outlines in his vest pocket.—Chicago Tribune.

He Could.

"I say, old fellow, can you change a $20 bill for me?"

"Where's your twenty?"

"Why, old fellow, I never said I had twenty. You shouldn't make unwarrant

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 18, 1894.

Largest and Best Weekly Published, and Largest Circulation!

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor.

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful of any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 103,000

UP WITH OUR ORDERS.

We are glad to say that we are now up with our orders for the "Nasby Letters," and all orders are now filled on the day of their receipt. We hope to keep up with them in the future, and will be able to do so if our friends who renew will be prompt, and not postpone it until the closing week of the month.

By the way, friends—those of you who have already copies of the "Nasby Letters"—will you not each have the kindness to show the volumes to your friends and neighbors, and tell them that they may obtain a copy also by sending $1 for the Weekly Blade one year?

PLEASED WITH THE BOOK.

The readers of the Weekly Blade, who have already received their copies of the "Nasby Letters," are thoroughly pleased with the volume. Below we give some recent letters on the subject:

Osco, Ill., Jan. 8.—Publishers Blade:—"Nasby Letters" received. I am well pleased with the book, and regret that we haven't a "Nasby" among us to-day. What a field is open at present for the labors of such a genius! How he could, and would, have held up to ridicule the "calamity lowlers" of two years ago, when they were shrieking about the "robber tariff" and the wicked McKinley bill! And what fun he could have made of the lady of the fog-horn voice traveling through the piney woods of the "late Southern Confederacy," and receiving an omelet of ancient eggs at every railroad station! And the spectacle of Grover Cleveland refusing to give up to the American Congress the love-letters passing between His Fatness and the mulatto Queen Lil would have been a good subject for the pen of a genius like Nasby.
LUMAN WOODWARD.

Mount, Idaho, Dec. 25.—Publishers Blade:—I have received the "Nasby Letters," and I assure you it was a welcome Christmas gift. I have been reading the Blade since its first publication. I always thought it a good paper, and it is still doing yeoman service. May God bless The Blade, and increase its power and patronage! It is still the same true and loyal supporter of the flag and the true friend to the boys in blue. May it long continue in prosperity, is the wish of your humble servant.
NICHOLAS LAMB.

Monterey, Ind., Dec. 30.—Publishers Blade:—I think the "Nasby Letters" are worth as much as the paper costs. I do not believe I would take a dollar for the book and do without it, because there is so much history in it and a great deal of good reading. And it just about hits this administration. Nothing, I do believe, could hit it much better as far as I have read, because they talk about hard times, and I would like to know what hard times are if we haven't got them at present. Thanking you ever so much for the "Nasby Letters," I remain a friend to The Blade.
G. W. UHL.

Washington, Ind., Dec. 29.—Publishers Blade:—I am very much pleased with the book. I cannot thank you enough for your kindness in sending it to me.
MRS. MOLINA B. THOMAS.

Indian Springs, Pa., Jan. 3.—Publishers Blade:—I received the book, "Nasby Letter," as a New Year's gift. I am well pleased with it. With success to The Blade, I am, respectfully yours.
B. F. MANN.

"BRAVE DEEDS OF THE WAR."

Stories of the War—The Series Begins To-Day.

There is an unwritten history of the civil war; a history not to be found in the official records, the many volumes that have been published, concerning the strategic movements of great armies, the skill of commanding generals, and the issue of the mighty battles. Yet, between the lines, one catches glimpses of this unrecorded history. Thirty years after the great struggle it is heard as it falls from the lips of veterans at their peaceful camp-fires, or in social reunion, when the grizzled braves "fight their battles over again." And this unwritten tale, more marvelous by far than fiction, is of the sort that makes enduring history; for it is the story of the real heroes and of the bravest deeds of the war. It is proposed in the series of papers now ordered to give to the readers of The Blade, for the first time, and in authentic form, by a large number of distinguished contributors, the stories of the most signal acts of individual heroism and self-sacrifice occurring under their personal observation while in the service, either by sea or land, of the North or South. Among the famous Union veterans who will contribute are:

Generals William S. Rosecrans, John M. Schofield, Daniel Butterfield, O. O. Howard, "Baldy" Smith, Alfred Pleasonton, Wesley Merritt, James H. Wilson, W. W. Averell, Nelson A. Miles, Daniel E. Sickles, A. D. McCook, N. P. Banks, D. C. Buell, Lew Wallace, Fitz John Porter, Henry W. Slocum, John M. Palmer, J. R. Hawley, M. T. McMahon, Benjamin Harrison, W. Q. Gresham, Isaac S. Catlin, Russell A. Alger, Benjamin F. Tracy, and Lucius Fairchild; Colonel F. A. Burr; Admirals Henry Walke, J. L. Worden, J. J. Almy, F. A. Roe, D. L. Braine, J. A. Greer, G. E. Belknap, D. B. Harmony, John Irwin, A. W. Weaver, J. G. Walker and R. W. Meade, and George Alfred Townsend, Frank Wilkeson and others.

The Confederate contributors will include these names of equal renown:

Generals Kirby Smith, S. D. Lee, James Longstreet, J. A. Early, S. B. Buckner, Joseph Wheeler, Wade Hampton, John B. Gordon, Fitzhugh Lee, M. C. Butler, William Mahone, Matt Ransom, Basil W. Duke, Roger A. Pryor, Joe Shelby, A. R. Lawton, John T. Morgan, H. R. Jackson, B. T. Johnson and others.

These will be supplemented by many others, the whole collection, when complete, forming a splendid monument to the prowess, patriotism, and chivalrous magnanimity of the American soldier. Thus those heroes who, by their individual deeds of daring, added luster and enthusiasm to the conflict—some in distinguished and others in humble roles—will find their true place in the loving and admiring hearts of a united nation.

The series begins this week, on the second page. Don't fail to read the first instalment!

Prof. Wilson should open a tailor shop to patch up his bill.

ALCOHOL NOT A FOOD.

There is a very wide-spread opinion among the masses of the people that alcoholic liquors have a positive food value. Hundreds of people drink beer or ale under the impression that this will increase their flesh. Notwithstanding the wide acceptance of this idea, it has no basis in fact. Perhaps it may be of interest to advance some of the authorities on this subject, for the information of those interested in the subject, and to furnish the friends of temperance with arguments to do battle with ignorance.

Dr. A. Baer, of Berlin, in discussing this subject in 1881, wrote this: "Alcohol contains neither albumen, nor fat, nor any other substances either present in the animal organism, or arising by chemical changes in the body and replacing part of the same."

Dr. Perrin, an English authority, makes the following statement in the Encyclopaedia Dictionary of Medical Sciences: "There is not found in the blood or the expired air any trace of the transformation or destruction of the alcohol. It accumulates in the nerve centers and in the liver, and finally it is excreted through the diverse channels of elimination. Hence, the conclusion that the alimentary role of alcohol has no other pretence to a scientific basis than that of an experimental error."

There are some of these beverages which contain small quantities of nutritious matter, but it is not in the alcohol, but in the other substances which enter into their composition. Their proportion, however, is so small as to render it absurd to assume that it is necessary to drink in order to obtain them. In the London Lancet, the leading medical journal of Great Britain, some years ago, was published an analytical report as to the real amount of nutrient elements found in wines. It says: "In every 1,000 grain measures of the clarets and Burgundies tested, the mean amount of albuminous matter present was only 1 1-8 grain, whilst in 1,000 grains by weight of raw beef there are no less than 207 grains of such matter. That is, the quantities being equal, beefsteak is 156 times more nutritious than wine."

Sir Lyon Playfair, an eminent British scientific and medical authority, makes this statement: "One hundred parts of ordinary beer or porter contain 9 1-4 parts of solid matter; and of this only six-tenths consist of flesh-forming matter. To drink beer or porter to nourish us, is tantamount to swallowing a sack of chaff for a grain of wheat."

And the eminent Baron Justus von Liebig made this statement: "If a man drinks daily eight or ten quarts of Bavarian beer, in 12 months he will have taken into his system the nutritive constituents contained in a five pound loaf of bread." Think of drinking many barrels of beer to get, in a whole year, as much nutrition as there is in one loaf of bread!

These facts should be widely known, that those who use the popular error as a shield for their own indulgence in intoxicants shall no longer be enabled to hide behind it. Furthermore, this error is sedulously cultivated by the men who are engaged in the liquor traffic; and, worse than all, it is adhered to by many non-progressive doctors, who do not seem to know that the old theories regarding the effect of alcohol on the human system have all been disproved, and that the most advanced members of the profession no longer prescribe liquors as a beverage in any form of disease. If this error can be demonstrated to the public, another step will have been taken in the effort to

Pulverize the Rum Power!

IMPORTANT TO WOOL GROWERS.

The Blade is requested to announce that President William Lawrence, of the National Wool Growers' association, has issued a call to the wool growers of the United States to send delegates to a meeting to be held in Washington on Tuesday, February 6, 1894, to protest against the wool and woolen schedules of the Wilson tariff bill. A committee of wool growers is also to appear before the Senate finance committee to present arguments against free wool.

As it grows more and more likely that an organized effort will be made in the Senate to either entirely revise the Wilson bill, or substitute a new measure in its stead, the flockmasters of the country should bestir themselves to save their imperiled industry. The wool clip of the past year has been sold at prices approximating a free trade basis, simply because manufacturers believed that wool would be made free by the present Congress, and they could not afford to buy wool at protection prices to make up into goods that could not reach the consumer until the new tariff bill is a law. The sheep-raisers have had a convincing lesson as to what the Wilson bill means for them. Let them arrange to be represented at the Washington meeting, and labor for the defeat of the free wool clause.

THE TORRENS SYSTEM.

There is one matter which should receive the attention of the Ohio General Assembly this winter, especially if there shall be no adjourned session. It is the discussion of, and we hope the adoption, of the Torrens land registration system. Every man who owns real estate, every man who purchases or sells it, would be benefitted. It removes all doubt as to the validity of titles, simplifies transfers, and, last and best, it reduces the cost to a nominal fee.

The World's Real Estate Congress at the World's Fair last summer discussed the plan exhaustively, and unqualifiedly indorsed it because of its simplicity, its economy, and its absolute security of title. Massachusetts, Iowa and Illinois will probably adopt it this winter, and Ohio should not be behind-hand.

The deficit is now about $10,000,000 a month, and Carlisle has been compelled to push his plan for a bond issue. The Democratic plan of going in debt to pay current expenses will meet with vigorous opposition, especially for the West and South.

It is unfortunate for Prof. Wilson that Mark Twain fixed upon the name "Puddin'head Wilson" for the hero of his new story. The fitness of the epithet has caused its immediate transference to the chairman of the Ways and Means committee.

Any reference to the "White House clock" on the floor of Congress angers the cuckoos to the fighting point.

The difference is this: under Republican control, a Treasury surplus; under Democratic, a deficit.

It is very doubtful, after all, whether Queen Lil ever sits on that old throne again.

A NEW ANNOUNCEMENT.

A New Premium for Blade Readers That Will be Prized by Every One.

With the issue of The Blade for February 1 we shall announce the terms on which we will furnish an entirely new premium which every reader of The Blade will desire to have, and which every one can very easily get.

It is not a "renewal" premium, and hence any one who desires the "Nasby Letters," need not hesitate to renew, and get the book. It is a premium for any and every subscriber, who wishes to spend a little of his spare time in working for it.

We are sure that when you read the announcement in the issue of February 1, you will be anxious to obtain this premium, and will consider the conditions extremely easy.

The premium will not be allowed on any renewal subscription, consequently those whose time expires this month need not wait for it. In a word, we mean that we are going to make the most extraordinary offer to those now taking The Blade, who will send us one new subscriber. Suppose, for instance, we should offer $1, or the value of $1, to every subscriber sending us one new subscriber? Well, this is just about what we propose to offer. It will be well worth your while to take hold of it.

We can promise that the premium will be something that every person, young and old, will be interested in, and will be anxious to possess. In fact, we do not think we have ever offered anything that will be as eagerly sought as this, or anything that was really of greater value. Look out for the announcement in The Blade of February 1, and read it very carefully, so that you will make no mistake in the matter!

THE TARIFF DEBATE.

The debate on the Wilson tariff-smashing bill in the House is interesting. Prof. Wilson led off in a speech which contained nothing new. It was a compendium of free trade theories, unsupported by the evidence of experience, and contradicted by the logic of facts. It was such a speech as a gushing sophomore might be expected to elaborate for a college debating club, with all the English text-books on political economy at his elbow as authorities.

Hon. J. C. Burrows, of Michigan, followed in reply. His attack on the Wilson abortion was like a cavalry charge, swooping down upon and overwhelming the enemy. His starting point was from the impregnable position that the present business stagnation originated in the distrust caused by the Democratic threat of the destruction of the protective system. Starting from this vantage-point, he drove his scholastic and theoretical enemy before him as chaff is driven before the wind, and scattered his arguments right and left.

Then followed the rampant free trader, Tom Johnson, of Cleveland. He will vote for the Wilson bill, but he "roasted" it as severely as has any of its Republican opponents, though for diametrically opposite reasons. Mr. Johnson's grievance is that it imposes any duties at all. He advanced the following as his ideal measure, which he would infinitely prefer to have passed to the Wilson bill or any other measure:

Section 1.—All import duties and corresponding internal revenue duties are hereby abolished, and all officials engaged in collecting such duties are hereby discharged.

Section 2.—The secretary of the Treasury is hereby directed to sell all custom houses and revenue cutters, and pay the proceeds into the Treasury.

Section 3.—This act shall take effect immediately.

Mr. Johnson characterized the pending measure as the "poor, timid little Wilson bill," and exploited his extreme free trade ideas to the utmost. He did harm instead of good to the Wilson measure, as extremists always do.

The battle on the bill will probably end on January 29. The Wilson bill will then pass, it is expected, without very much amendment. A movement is on foot among some of the Democrats to introduce the old Mills bill as a substitute at the proper stage, but it is not probable the movement will succeed. There is a growing feeling that the Senate will radically amend the Wilson bill, and the Democratic cowards in the House will vote for it in order to shift responsibility to the upper body.

The tariff debate in the House of Representatives has been running for a week. All the orators except one or two, Hon. Tom Reed being among these exceptions have been heard. There have been few sensations and few facts told which were not already known. Tom Johnson's ultra free trade doctrine has been the only break in the Democratic line, and Johnson, after all his criticism of the Wilson bill, expects to vote for it. The present week is the one wherein the real parliamentary fight begins to demand real ability. The five minute speeches and amendments may yet jeopardize the measure. The danger has seemed so great that Mr. Wilson has issued a pathetic appeal for the overwhelming majority to stay in the House, or the Republicans may get away with some of the most particular provisions. It is in the running debate that Mr. Reed and Mr. Burrows and the Republican minority will show their mettle, and make Prof. Wilson's life more weary than did any bad boy in the third-rate college where he taught.

General Alger declines positively to be a candidate for United States senator from Michigan. His unselfishness and native nobility of character are displayed in his reason for declining, which is that he holds party harmony to be of greater importance than the candidacy of any man.

"Physical Wreck" John C. Black wants to be the Democratic candidate to succeed Senator Cullom, of Illinois. He already gets salary and pension, and is evidently trying for a third grab at the United States Treasury.

When it comes to constitutional and international law, Sanford Dole, we are sorry to say, knows more than Cleveland, Gresham and Willis, bunched.

Wouldn't it be better if the farmers' institutes would discuss good roads more than they do? That is the largest economic question now.

All the whining of the Democratic press can not shield that party from responsibility for the hard times.

THE HAWAIIAN INFAMY.

The Hawaiian situation may be concisely summed up in a sentence: The Cleveland conspiracy to restore the Queen has failed; Willis has been instructed to do nothing further; and Cleveland, to his own intense chagrin, has been obliged to turn the whole unsavory matter over to Congress to settle as it shall see fit. We may, therefore, be quite sure that the monarchy will not be restored through any action of the United States.

Now that the policy of concealment has been perforce abandoned, it may be well to sum up the events from Minister Willis's reaching Honolulu. He was accredited both to the provisional government and to the queen. His instructions were to demand the restoration of the queen, on her pledging herself to grant amnesty to every one connected with the revolution, and accept in good faith the acts of the provisional government. This the semi-barbarian queen at first refused to do. She wanted to execute Dole and the leaders of the provisional government. This prevented Willis presenting his demand to the provisional government for her restoration. But he labored with her, and finally she agreed to "spares the lives" of these gentlemen, but insisted on confiscating their property and exiling them from Hawaii. These negotiations took time, and the news from the United States put the provisional government on its guard. When Willis finally got the queen to understand that her restoration was impossible unless she accepted Cleveland's terms, and she grudgingly did so, it was too late. The provisional government then was prepared to resist to the death, and the restoration could only have succeeded through an act of war—and Willis did not dare use force.

The negotiations with the provisional government for Liliuokalani's restoration began on December 19, when Willis called upon President Dole, and in the presence of his cabinet presented a statement to the effect that President Cleveland, "after a patient examination of Mr. Blount's reports," is satisfied that the movement against the queen, if not instigated, was encouraged and supported by the American representative (Mr. Stevens) at Honolulu; that he is determined not to send back to the Senate the treaty of annexation which he withdrew; that Queen Liliuokalani has agreed to grant amnesty to all the revolutionists, and upon her restoration to accept in good faith the constitution existing at the time of the revolution, and to assume all obligations created by the provisional government. A copy of the agreement, signed by the queen, was incorporated in the statement. Mr. Willis concluded by informing the provisional government that "you are expected to promptly relinquish to her (the queen) constitutional authority" and submitting this question: "Are you willing to abide by the decision of the President?"

The provisional government took the matter under advisement, informing Mr. Willis that it would require several days to consider an answer. The reply was sent to Mr. Willis December 26. It is a state paper highly creditable to President Dole, and shows that he is a statesman of the highest type. It is a lengthy review of the events leading up to the revolution, denying in the strongest terms the allegation that Mr. Stevens, the former American minister was in any way connected with the overthrow of the queen, asserting the responsibility and independence of the present government, and concluding by a most emphatic declaration that the provisional government refuses to consider the proposition for the restoration of the queen.

Mr. Willis has been notified that he has fulfilled his orders, which is a roundabout way of telling him to keep quiet and do nothing more. The entire correspondence has been transmitted to Congress, to deal with as it sees fit. We may be very sure that no steps will be taken by it to overthrow the republic and set up a monarchy. But the shame of Cleveland's unpatriotic course still remains as an indelible blot upon the record of this administration.

THE TURPIE RESOLUTION.

If the resolution offered in the Senate by Senator Turpie expresses the sentiments of the administration, then the policy of restoring Queen Liliuokalani has been definitely abandoned, and the present purpose is not to annex, nor to allow any other nation to interfere with the islands. Here is the resolution:

Resolved, That from the facts and papers laid before us by the Executive and other sources, it is unwise, inexpedient and not in accordance with the character and dignity of the United States to consider further at this time either the treaty or project of annexation of the Hawaiian territory to this country; that the provisional government therein having been duly recognized, the highest international interests require that it shall pursue its own line of policy and that foreign intervention in the political affairs of the islands will be regarded as an act unfriendly to the government of the United States.

That is to say, as the provisional government refuses to yield the reins of power into the hands of the exqueen, and believes itself strong enough to maintain its own authority over the islands, the United States will allow it to do so, and will keep other nations from attempting to gain control of the Hawaiian islands—at least until a permanent form of government is established.

This means that we shall assume a practical protectorate over the islands. It will be remembered that a year ago the Hawaiian commissioners who were sent to Washington brought, first, a proposition for annexation; and failing that, a proposition to put the islands under the protection of the United States. So Mr. Cleveland will not be able to get away from the two original propositions, despite his floundering attempts to set up the overturned throne of Queen Liliuokalani.

Hon. Galusha A. Grow was one of the men in Congress who aided in pushing the homestead law. He will have many colleagues who hail from the states that law has built up.

"Mr. Kilgore, of Texas, objected" is about all the record the big-footed burro of the Box creek district is making in Congress this session.

The whole Hawaiian matter is now in the hands of Congress. Cleveland abandons the job of reinstating an overthrown monarchy.

The Democratic party just now is marching briskly through Watterson's slaughter-house into the open grave.

If the House impeaches him, Mr. Cleveland will have a Congress all over him and not only on his hands.

Mr. Cleveland's wild team appears to be less tame than two months ago.

IN THE SENATE.

The popular protests against the passage of the Wilson bill have assumed tremendous proportions. From every part of the country they come, pouring upon Congress like an avalanche. The bill is so damaging that there is no section of the United States which will not feel its malign effects if it shall become a law. The workingmen are awake to the fact that they committed a grievous error against themselves whes they voted for a "change," under the influence of the seductive promises of the Democratic siren, and they are doing all that lies in their power to repair the blunder.

But what will Congress do? The free traders of the Prof. Wilson type—the men who know nothing personally about the industries of the nation, who have never been in business touch with them, and who learned free trade theories from British text-books—are supporting the bill, and will continue to do so. "Ephraim is joined to his idols; let him alone." They think they know better what the people need than the latter themselves. But there is a large number of Democrats in Congress who are convinced of the unwisdom of the Wilson bill. They know it was devised, not to raise revenue, not to provide for the best interests of the American people, but simply to strike a deadly blow at protection, to destroy our great industrial interests, to satisfy a moonshine theory.

A movement is rapidly taking form to substitute a new measure for the Wilson bill when it reaches the Senate, as its passage by the House is considered certain. That body is under the thumb of Grover Cleveland. He used all his influence, all the power of federal patronage, to have Crisp, his pliant tool, made Speaker. He dictated the make-up of the Democratic majority on the Ways and Means committee. The Speaker is chairman of the committee on Rules. So, through Crisp, Mr. Cleveland's hand controls the House, and he will force the bill through by every possible device. The Democratic majority is too great to be overcome by defections.

With the Senate it is different. The party majority is very small. The Senators are more independent of the Executive than are the Representatives. It is possible, by the union of of the Republicans and the Democrats who are not in favor of the Wilson tariff-for-deficiency measure, to pass a substitute which shall not destroy American industries, nor drive the American wage-scale down to the English level. The Republican Senators should join in the movement to do this. He serves his party best who serves the people best; and if there are enough Democratic Senators who are willing to serve the people before party, they should be met half-way by the Republican Senators.

THE TARIFF BATTLE.

The tariff battle is finally begun in the House of Representatives. The issue is joined between the enemies of American industry and prosperity and the friends of the system under which our nation has prospered so marvelously for over thirty years past. The latter can point to the fact that under protection the condition of workingmen in the United States has been far better than that of their brethren in other countries. The workingmen themselves understand this. They also know, or those in middle life know, that the wages of mechanics and day laborers, up to last summer at least, were double what they were in the two decades from 1840 to 1860; and more than double the amount paid for labor prior to the former date. And it is certain that when the millions get good wages and make their families comfortable while their children are getting a good education, the country is more prosperous and the people generally, employers as well as employes, are better off than when the wage-earners are pinched.

On the other hand, Prof. Wilson and his fellow-conspirators against the best interests of the people can only advance academic theories, which have been disproved in our own history every time we have adopted a tariff, on a purely revenue basis. They have been disproved by the experience of other nations, as will be seen from the fact that no other of the great nations of the world, save Great Britain alone, is a free trade country. Each protects its own people and its own industries by a tariff on protective lines. It is a shame to the American people that they were so easily hoodwinked and misled by the theories of men who study books rather than facts, who make scholastic dicta take the place of actual experience in industry and commerce.

COAL MEN PROTEST.

They are protesting in Mr. Wilson's own neighborhood. In Southern coal fields there have already been meetings at

Pulaski, Virginia, for the Virginian and Shenandoah zinc and blast furnaces.
Clinch Valley coal men in Wirt county, Va.
Pocahontas coal mines at Roanoke, Virginia.
Big Creek, Tazewell county, Va., mines of the Big Creek mines.
Wells Branch, Wayne county, W. Va., coal miners.
Kanawha Valley coal men.

And these men have adopted resolutions denouncing the Wilson bill as a measure striking at the prosperity of the rapidly developing South. But will Mr. Wilson heed? Of course not.

Our British cousin, the London Morning Post, is excessively virtuous these days. It declares that it would be difficult to find in the annals of the Middle Ages a more scandalous record of intrigue than in the history of the American republic in its dealings with Hawaii. But it is not necessary to go back to the Middle Ages to find instances of British intrigue and bulldozing to which the Hawaiian affair is but child's play.

The Colorado legislature is treating Governor Waite's various recommendations most cavalierly. The Senate committee to which was referred his Mexican dollar scheme reported that as the authority of the federal government is supreme on all matters of coinage, his suggestions are not practicable. Of course, no other report was possible.

It would make some of the old Southern fire-eaters of ante-bellum days turn in their coffins could they know that Willis—a Kentuckian, sah!—is trying to put a half-negro Kanaka on a throne, over the heads of men of the "proud Caucasian" blood.

The Wilson bill should be killed.

TARIFF AGITATION IS COSTLY.

The losses to the country from the business stagnation foot up an enormous total. The prices of stocks, shares and commodities all show a heavy decline. Of the 200 corporations whose securities are listed on the New York Stock Exchange, including those of railroad, telegraph, express, coal and land companies, and those whose stocks are classed as "industrials"—gas, sugar, starch, lead, whisky, cordage, and other companies—only nine stocks closed at a higher price at the end of 1893 than they were worth a twelvemonth before. And the decline was very sharp on the securities of the remaining 191 companies. The declines were severer in the industrial stocks, as the effect of the business depression was more directly felt by them; though many railway stocks showed a sharp fall in values for the year. Hence the shrinkage in the assets of all great financial institutions, and of individuals as well, was simply enormous.

Nor have the great agricultural interests escaped. Wheat opened the year in 1893, in New York, at 79 3-4 cents; it closed on December 30 at 65 7-8 cents. Corn declined about 7 cents a bushel, pork $2 a barrel, and the decline in wool ranged from 6 to 10 cents a pound on the different grades. Cotton was a fraction over 2 cents a pound lower. The aggregate loss to the farmers and planters is thus seen to have been very great.

While it is true that the law of supply and demand influenced the decline in the prices of the great agricultural staples, it is to be remembered that the demand was to some extent controlled by the prevailing stagnation. The losses to workingmen from the enforced idleness, and fom reductions of wages due to the panic, makes another vast total. And all this loss, with more to come, is largely the outcome of the tariff agitation, and the shadow of coming free trade. The financial panic was the outcome of unwise financial legislation, but it is over long ago. The business depression is the result of the tariff-smashing Democratic policy. Verily, the people of the United States are paying very dearly for an object-lesson in the evils of changing their economic system!

A BOYCOTTING DECISION.

The supreme court of the state of Pennsylvania, Judge Dean presiding, has just handed down a decision which is of much interest in these days of labor troubles. There was a general strike in the building trades of Pittsburg in 1891, to demand eight hours' work with nine hours' pay, which lasted some two months. The Planing Mill association and the Builders' Exchange, of that city, refused to furnish building material to contractors who gave employment to the strikers. Seven persons, not members of either organization, sold materials to these contractors. The two associations declared a boycott against them, refusing to sell them materials, and using their influence to prevent their getting them elsewhere.

One contractor brought suit for damages, claiming that the boycott was illegal, and obtained a verdict for $1,500 in the lower court. The case was appealed to the state supreme court, which reversed the decision.

The court reasoned that under the old common law, in Pennsylvania, the strike of the workmen, and their efforts to keep men from working, would have constituted an indictable offense; but acts passed by the legislature within the past twenty years, at the request of labor organizations, allow men to strike, and to prevent others from working so long as no force is used. And consequently it was held that the combination of the members of the Builders' Exchange and Planing Mill association against these seven contractors was not unlawful. That is to say, the court declares that there can not be one law for one class and another for another class; that, as the labor organizations secured the passage of laws allowing them to strike, and to prevent others going to work, the same law must apply to the case before the court. A boycott by employers is no more unlawful than a boycott by a labor organization, whether it is directed against workingmen or against other employers.

JACKSON'S GLORIOUS DAY.

From the news received at The Blade office from several points of the compass, Jackson Day was a bad day for the followers of Mr. Cleveland and the Wilson tariff bill. Henri Watterson used no uncertain language against it in his speech at Louisville. He says the bill is not Democratic, because it is not far enough advanced toward free trade. It has too much of the protection element in it to agree with the Democratic platform, and not enough of protection to be a protectionist message, says Mr. Watterson.

On the other hand, M. E. Ingalls, one of the greatest of Ohio Democrats, at the Jackson banquet at Columbus denounced the bill in toto as a makeshift, and the product of a college professor, who knows nothing of business, and if it passes will result in the disastrous defeat of the Democratic party. This opened the harmony ball in earnest, and the love-feast was impregnated with cold waves from that moment.

There has never been a time in the history of the tariff agitation when men were so outspoken as now, and Mr. Ingalls has the courage of his convictions. Still, we would suggest to the gentleman that he is late in his objection. He aided materially to elect the present Democratic administration, and now he ought to reform wholly and join the Republicans.

The following members of the United States Senate are said to be opposed to the income tax provision agreed upon by the Ways and Means committee: Messrs. Brice, Caffery, Camden, Faulkner, Gibson, Gorman, Gray, Hill, Lindsay, McPherson, Vilas, Murphy, Smith, White, of California, and White, of Louisiana. If the Great Panjandrum fails to obtain pressure enough to push them into line and keep them there, the income tax will never become operative.

The Columbian stamps are beginning to disappear. Their final exit from the stage of action will give the great American tongue a rest.

Gresham's hatred and Cleveland's folly have put the Democracy in a quandary on the Hawaiian business.

Joseph Manley has a Reed boom in his pocket. It will take an Ohio wind to shake it.

Mr. Cleveland must think President Dole is a Democrat, since his refusal to resign.

THE "NASBY LETTERS."

Read the Announcement of Our Grand Premium Offer.

On the fifth page will be found the announcement of the most important premium offer ever made by The Blade—and one that is most welcome, not only to our subscribers, but to the people at large, who have ben asking for the "Nasby Letters" in book form for many years. We have spent much time and labor on this book, besides the great aggregate expense of printing and binding so many thousand copies. We hope that every subscriber will renew and get a copy under this offer.

A few weeks before the expiration of your subscription, you will receive a postal card, which if returned with one dollar for your renewal will be received as a due-bill for a copy of the "Nasby Letters," which will be sent postpaid, free of all charge. We do this in order to facilitate our work in entering names and sending the book. It takes far less labor to care for each month's renewals during that month than to let them run over into the next month.

Of course, we shall take care of new subscribers at the time they order. We can not send them postal card due-bills, nor fix a time wherein we prefer to receive their orders; but any new subscriber who sends us $1 for the Weekly Blade one year, and asks for a copy of the "Nasby Letters," will have his order filled as soon as it is received. If you do not mention that you want the book, we shall consider that you do not want it. Send in your orders!

THE NEW JERSEY MUDDLE.

The situation in the New Jersey legislature is simply this: The people, at the election last fall, revolted against the alliance between the Democratic managers and the gambling fraternity, as well as against the extravagance of the Democratic administration, its partisan amendments to the election laws, and the disregard shown the rights of the people. The lower house of the legislature—the Assembly—has a Republican majority of twenty, but there were enough Democratic hold-over Senators to keep the Republican strength in that body down to a majority of one.

This Democratic minority in the Senate has attempted to hold on to power by bringing a charge of bribery against one Republican Senator-elect. If they can throw the case into the courts, they can thus deadlock the Senate, and render impossible the reform programme to which the Republicans are pledged. They expected that the four hold-over Republican Senators and the nine Democratic hold-overs would organize the Senate and refer the care of the Senator charged with bribery to the Supreme court of the state. This the Republican hold-overs refused to do.

The Democratic minority then went through the farce of organizing. The Republican majority also organized, and was recognized by the Assembly. Governor Werts, who is one of the Democratic ring, is in sympathy with the "rump" Senate, and this is about the only hope the Democrats have. The constitution of New Jersey provides that the members of the legislature may administer the oath of office to each other. It is also a settled principle that a legislative body is the sole judge of the election and qualifications of its own members. Hence the Republicans have the law, as well as the people, on their side, and the result must be the defeat of the "rump" Democratic Senate.

TAXING CARS IN OHIO.

Numerous bills have been introduced in the General Assembly providing for a tax upon cars—sleeping, dining, buffet, refrigerator and those of fast freight lines. There seems to be no objection to placing a tax upon sleeping cars, for they are owned by foreign corporations, and pay no revenue to the government of the state, though taking thousands of dollars from our people. Buffet and dining cars come under the same classification. Buffet cars should pay a fee—a license—in the state of Ohio, for liquors are in most cases sold, even though there is a statute prohibiting it.

There ought to be a distinction drawn in favor of the refrigerator cars, "palace" stock cars and fast freight lines. They are necessities and not luxuries, as are the sleeping, dining and buffet coaches. They provide for the rapid distribution of freight, and the safe carriage of perishable merchandise. By their use, meats are easily distributed from packing companies to the most remote sections, and the people are provided at a far less cost than before the refrigerator cars came into use. There is good argument too in favor of the exclusion of the fast freight lines from this tax. Every encouragement should be given to freight lines which tend to hasten the delivery of freight, and to lessen the cost, as these fast lines have done. It is now almost as easy to get goods by the fast freight lines as by express. For this reason, it seems only just to exempt them.

It is the Republican policy to make the luxuries pay the tax, and to leave where possible, necessities alone. The large Republican majority in the Assembly should bear this in mind.

The Democratic Cincinnati Enquirer is doing yeoman service in the fight against the Wilson bill. It has become convinced that measure is a startling menace to the manufacturing, commercial and labor interests of the country, and is opposing it with the utmost earnestness and vigor. Here is a sample utterance:

Party lines are difficult to strictly lay down on the tariff at any time, and the difficulty is more than usually conspicuous now. The last Democratic National convention declared certain great general principles which it is the sacred duty of the majority of the present Congress to keep constantly in view. But the committee on Ways and Means has departed from the Chicago platform. Instead of reporting a bill for tariff for revenue only, it has offered a bill for a tariff for deficiency. It was attempted to overthrow, too, the foundation principle, recognized by all parties, that our main resource for public revenue must be duties on imports. It has proposed to the House to disturb the protective system, in a time of great danger.

Never in its history was the United States so humiliated as it has been in this Hawaiian opera-bouffe performance.

Somebody says the Democratic majority in the House lacks spine. We always supposed it lacked [illegible]. The World's Fair has ended in a [illegible]—not of glory, however.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

Governor Stone, of Missouri, has an ambition to be the Democratic nominee for President in 1896.

Emperor William of Germany, is after the biggest diamond in the world, valued at $5,000,000. Many of William's subjects are after something to eat, with decided chances against getting it.

Sir Andrew Clark is reputed to be the wealthiest physician who got his money by practicing medicine. He left $1,000,000. That is a good deal of money for a doctor, and it required patients to get it.

Ichikawa Danjuro is the Edwin Booth of Japan. His histrionic abilities are said to be great, while his control of his native language is such that he can pronounce his name without the slightest perceptible effort.

According to a London newspaper, an amateur recently picked up for sixpence a study in red chalk, close examination of which disclosed that it is Raphael's original design for the "Disputa del Sacramento," now in the Vatican. It is valued at about $5,000.

The philosopher, Eduard Hartmann, has made the suggestion that, instead of building monuments to great men, it would be more sensible and would do more toward perpetuating their influence to use the money for buying copies of their best books and distributing them free to schools.

Alnwick Castle, which the Duke of Norfolk has purchased, is one of the most ancient bits of architecture in the south of England. The massive block with four square towers at each corner, and two of circular shape on either side of the gateway, dates from the middle of the fourteenth century.

January of last year was somewhat notable for the distinguished persons in this country who died in the first month. General Benjamin F. Butler, Professor Elisha N. Horsford, ex-President Rutherford B. Hayes, Justice Lucius Q. C. Lamar, Rev. Phillips Brooks and ex-Secretary James G. Blaine.

"Joe" Bibb, for many years one of the most popular clowns not only in England but also on the continent—he had an eight years' engagement as an eccentric at the Paris Hippodrome—has died in the Birmingham Workhouse Infirmary, a prematurely old man, at the age of 48. He was the inventor of the shadow pantomime, and on the strength of an appearance before the Princess of Wales at Scarborough, was fond of styling himself "the prince's grotesque," a title to which he had just as much or as little right as did Wallett to that of "the queen's jester."

It is told of Henry W. Palne, the Boston lawyer, who recently died in that city, and who more than once refused a seat on the Massachusetts Supreme court bench, that while he was arguing a case one day before Chief Justice Field the latter interrupted the course of the argument with the impatient remark, "Mr. Palne, you know that is not law." The nature and manner of the interruption was of a kind to throw even the most self-possessed advocate off his balance. Mr. Palne, however, without any outward manifestation of annoyance or embarrassment, replied with simple dignity, "It was law until your honor spoke," and proceeded with his argument.

CONDENSED TOPICS.

Sicilian sulphur deposits employ 15,000 men.

Palm leaves on the Amazon grow 30 feet long.

Cucumbers were originally tropical vegetables.

There are 180,000 suicides yearly and increasing.

In 1562 velvet was commonly used for book binding.

Women are said to be less sensitive to pain than men.

Eight cubic feet of snow produce one cubic foot of water.

In 1894 Aldus Manutius started a printing office in Venice.

The male works harder for a living than any other creature.

In 1500 there were more than 200 printing offices in Europe.

Florida was discovered by Juan Ponce de Leon on April 2, 1512.

First-class fare for 25 miles on the new Kongo railroad costs $10.

Children, plants and animals grow more rapidly during the night.

Paper can be made from the standing tree in a space of 24 hours.

Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation was made on January 1, 1863.

The destruction of tea in Boston harbor occurred on December 16, 1773.

A Frenchman has produced a leather which looks and feels like velvet.

A "Hom

Publishers' Column.

WANT A WATCH?

Then Here Is Your Golden Opportunity.

Do you want a watch? If you do, you want a good one. In these days of excellent watches you cannot afford to carry a poor one. The Elgin and Waltham watches represent the perfection of mechanical skill and artistic beauty. They are recognized the world over as the finest timepieces that have yet been devised. These are the watches that we offer to you, and at prices far below those charged in shops.

When a purchaser receives a watch he may submit it to an expert, and if at the end of three days he is satisfied that the watch is not up to the guarantee he should at once return it to this office, when his money will be refunded in full. No watches can be sent C. O. D., and no samples can be sent. Every watch is guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham or Elgin factories, whichever the purchaser may select.

In ordering BE SURE to state the number of the offer, say whether you want Elgin or Waltham, and give the price, that we may understand clearly what you want.

Here are the watches we offer. All are stem winders and setters:

Offer No. 1—The Toledo Blade Special

GOLD WATCH, MEN'S SIZE, $16.75.

This watch is exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in everything except the expense. The case is made of two plates of solid gold, 14 kt. fine, so thick that they will last twenty years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck. The ring, joints, thumb-piece, and all parts subjected to constant wear, are solid gold. The works contain a regulator so plain that a child can work it, seven valuable jewels, compensating expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside," a movement known the world over. This watch is offered to Blade subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of either Open Face or Hunting Case, delivered, $16.75.

NO. 11-2—BLADE EXTRA.

Gold Watch, Men's Size, $14.50.

For a short time we will sell No. 1½ for $14.50. It is the same as No. 1 in looks. This case is guaranteed to be gold-filled and good for 15 years' wear. We will send it to any Blade subscriber in hunting case only, including free delivery, for $14.50.

Offer No. 2—Men's Size.

GOLD WATCH, $14.35.

No. 2 is a men's size Waltham or Elgin gold-filled hunting-case watch, stem wind and set; the works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, and all improvements. It is an accurate timepiece, which looks just like a $100 solid gold watch. The case is guaranteed to wear 15 years. Watch clubs have been selling this watch for $38. Our price by registered mail, delivery prepaid and guaranteed, is only $14.35.

Offer No. 3—Men's Size.

OPEN-FACE GOLD WATCH—$12.

No. 3 is a magnificent gold-filled open face watch, with Waltham or Elgin works, seven jewels, expansion balance, plain regulator, etc. Purchasers can easily get $25 for this watch in cash or exchange. The manufacturers guarantee the case to wear 15 years. Price, by registered mail, $12.

Offer No. 4—Men's Size.

WALTHAM OR ELGIN—$5.50.

No. 4 is a men's size Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting, and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12.50. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

Offer No. 5—Lady's Size.

SOLID GOLD WATCH—$22.50.

No. 5 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14 k. gold. Each watch is a stem-winder and setter, with compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant time-piece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for $22.50.

Offer No. 6—Lady's Size.

GOLD WATCH—$13.25.

No. 6 is a seven-jeweled lady's watch, in an engraved hunting case, either Waltham or Elgin movement; the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers good for at least 15 years' wear. It is a magnificent time-keeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.25.

Offer No. 8—Blade Special.

Open face or hunting case, Waltham or Elgin works. It has the appearance and most of the good qualities of a $200 watch. The movement (or works) contains 15 jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, patent regulator, and all improvements. The case is the thinnest gold-filled watch case ever made; that is, the watch when closed in the pocket is thin. The lids of the case are the usual thickness, and form a perfect protection for the movement. The case is made of a plate of fine composition metal, over which two heavy sheets of 14k. gold are drawn, making a case that is for all purposes as good as solid gold, and warranted for 20 years. Every part which is subjected to constant wear, such as the ring, thumb-piece, joint plugs, hinges, etc., is of solid gold. This is just the watch for doctors, lawyers, clergymen, county commissioners, and all others who wish an accurate timekeeper. As a present it cannot be excelled. It is so thin and convenient in form that it will even make a good and satisfactory ladies' watch, and is especially recommended for school teachers and other professional women on account of its accuracy, which is equaled by no watch made especially for them.

We will send this watch, open face or hunting case, as desired, by registered mail, to any of our subscribers for $22.00.

No. 9—"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham.

FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring, hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, adjusted double-sunk dial. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Gold-filled 25-yr. hunting case (engraved)	$22 00
Gold-filled 15-yr. case, open face (engraved)	18 50
In solid coin silver case (3 oz.), open face or hunting	17 25
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face	12 25

No. 10—In Honor of Columbus—The Waltham World's Fair Extra.

GOLD WATCH, ELEGANT GOLD-ENAMELED DIAL, NO. 1492. PRICE, $24.50.

No. 1492 is a magnificent Waltham watch, named and numbered in honor of Columbus. It has cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, etc. It has a beautiful genuine gold-enameled dial, with Arabic figures, which gives to the watch the appearance of a $300 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14k. gold in two plates, stiffened between with a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 20 years. The ring, joint plugs, thumb-piece, and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. Price, $20 in hunting case and $19 in open face.

"THE LIMITED."

14k. Gold-Filled Watch, Men's Size Hunting Case—No. 2487, Price $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. No. 2487 has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensating expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the latest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

Ladies' Size Hunting Case 14k. Gold-Filled Watch—No. 2488, Price $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. It is a most attractive watch, especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold is rich, and the timekeeping qualities of the watch are of high order. Price, delivered, $12.50.

In ordering BE SURE to state the number of the offer, say whether you want Elgin or Waltham, and give the price, that we may understand clearly what you want.

If you are not a subscriber to The Blade, add one dollar to prices above stated when you order, and we will enter you on our subscription list for one year. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

WATCH CHAINS.

In appearance, there is no difference between a rolled gold chain worth $10, and a solid gold chain worth $100; and really there is no difference after half a lifetime's wear. So many of our watch buyers desire us to supply them with chains, that we have arranged to supply gold filled chains, which for many years' wear are fully equal to solid gold. They are all guaranteed to wear five years, if properly used. The prices below include free safe delivery:

No. 1—Men's rolled gold filled "trace" chain	$1 00
No. 2—Men's heavy rolled gold filled "cable" chain	1 50
No. 3—Men's stylish chain, rolled gold filled, long and short links combined	4 50
No. 4—Men's seamless gold filled "rope" chain	4 75
No. 5—Lady's Victoria watch chain and charm, extra rolled gold plated	1 25
No. 6—Lady's Victoria watch chain and charm, extra rolled gold plated	1 35
No. 7—Lady's Victoria watch chain and charm, solid gold	4 00
No. 8—Lady's solid 14k gold Victoria watch chain and charm, usual retail price $12; our price	8 00

We deliver these chains free by mail to any subscriber of The Blade on receipt of the above prices. The higher-priced filled chains are guaranteed to wear 20 years. The solid gold chain will of course wear forever. Address all orders and remittances to "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

NICKEL SILVER TABLE WARE.

It Is Better Than Plated Stuff and Saves Much Worry.

We are now enabled to offer to subscribers to The Blade (and to subscribers only, remember) teaspoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons, and forks, made of a composition known as nickel silver. This table ware so closely resembles solid silver that an expert might be deceived, and not only the first-class hotels but many private families are discarding platted ware and substituting this. It is indestructible, does not tarnish so easily as solid silver from exposure to the air, and it is finished in the same manner as the solid silver goods. The patterns are to thicker than solid silver; the smooth pattern requires absolute perfection in the casting, which is not necessary where the stamp will hide the minute pinholes. It can be engraved with monogram or initials, like silver.

The advantage of solid metal tableware lies in the fact that it can be used constantly everywhere, and in the roughest manner, scoured with sand or polished with chalk, and there is nothing to wear off or wear out.

Prices.

They are sent by registered mail, postpaid, at the following prices:

1 dozen teaspoons	$1.25
½ dozen teaspoons	50
1 dozen tablespoons or forks	2.25
½ dozen tablespoons or forks	1.35
1 dozen dessert spoons or forks	2.00
½ dozen dessert spoons or forks	1.15
½ dozen table knives	2.25
1 dozen table knives	4.25

These are made only in the one pattern. They are not sent by express. There can be no variation from these offers. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy as much as they like.

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES.

There is nothing which so adds to a home as nice pictures upon its walls. The Blade has sold tens of thousands of pictures—copies of the most celebrated paintings in the world. Only one person can own the original, but everybody can have a good copy at a very low price. Most of these pictures are done in high colors, in close imitation of the original painting. One or two of them are photographic etchings, and very artistic. Sizes of these pictures are 18x24 or 21x28. We now offer the following:

1. The Roman Chariot Race.
2. The Retreat From Moscow.
3. "Diana or Christ?"
4. Napoleon at Friedland.
5. Christ Before Pilate.
6. The Grand Canal of Venice.
7. The Horse Fair.
8. Columbus at the Court of Spain.
9. The Landing of Columbus.
10. Theory of Columbus Rejected in the Council of Salamanca.
11. Christ walking on the Sea of Galilee.
12. The Russian Wedding Feast.
13. Home from the First Voyage.
14. The First Love Letter.

Any one of the above pictures will be sent by mail, postpaid, inclosed in a stout pasteboard tube, for 25 CENTS.

Or, we will send any five of them you may choose for ONE DOLLAR.

Address all orders: THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

THE REASON WHY.

I do not understand the reason why,
Though we toil all the day,
My Jock and I,
Yet poverty sits in our cottage door,
And each day wears the look that yester wore.

My Jock hath brawn and muscle, aye, and brain;
Yet duller men in chariots pass us by;
The reason why
I can not say—but this I know,
No nobler heart than Jock's could God bestow.

We eat our simple fare in thankfulness,
Nor crave the dainties spread before the high,
My Jock and I;
They quaff life's wine, and we the lees—
And who can tell the reason why?

And haply, a little while, we'll understand,
When snowslips grow and long grass waves
Upon our humble graves,
It shall be well with my dear Jock and I.

We shall be happy with God's reacon why.
—Mattie Holland Swann.

GREAT COMPOSER DYING.

Hans Von Bulow, the Illustrious Pupil of Liszt and Wagner.

If the present illness of Hans Guido von Bulow should terminate fatally—a result which is not improbable in view of his advanced years—Europe will lose a musical artist who has generally been looked upon as the greatest since Liszt.

Hans von Bulow is of a rich family, and his mother was not all pleased at the life he chose to adopt. He manifested his love of music at the age of eight. During a sickness of two or three days his mother, to amuse and keep him quiet, had given him music to copy. This taught him his notes and that time his musical career

HANS VON BULOW.

began. In 1848, when he was eighteen years old, he was sent to the University of Leipsic to study jurisprudence, since his parents had always regarded music as a mere pastime, but he continued his studies under Hauptmann. In the following year he entered the University of Berlin. While there he wrote for a daily journal, defending the musical doctrines of the new German school led by Liszt and Wagner. After hearing a performance of "Lohengrin" at Weimar in 1850 he threw aside his law studies, went to Zurich and placed himself under the guidance of Wagner. He later studied under Liszt, and his subsequent career has more than justified the illustrious future predicted for him by his master.

FRILLS OF FASHION.

Mrs. Dobson—Bridget told me she saw Mr. and Mrs. Hobson going to church this morning. I wonder what's the matter.

Mr. Dobson—Why, either Mr. Hobson has had another attack of his heart trouble or Mrs. Hobson has a new hat!—Puck.

Wife—I'm not going to that dressmaker again. She is not so fashionable as she used to be.

Husband—Why, that dress is one of the most stylish I ever saw!

Wife—Yes; but she sent it home the day she promised.—Puck.

She—Fall fashions are among the most ancient of human institutions.

He—How do you make that out?

She—Don't they date back to Adam and Eve's fig-leaf suits?—Truth.

At the feet of the blushing, timid girl,
In frenzied haste he threw
Himself and forced her 4B foot
Into a No. 2. —Puck.

The eyes of the Senegambian matron sparkled.

"Oh, what a lovely feather boa!" she exclaimed. "You dear, good man!"

Sternly the husband disengaged himself from her embrace.

"Whenever," he austerely observed, "we are invited to functions in the future, I don't want to hear any more talk about not having a thing to wear."—Truth.

A FEMALE SANDOW.

Remarkable Feats of Strength of an Italian Girl.

New York is much stirred up over the feats of a pretty little Italian named Alcide Capitaine, who rivals Sandow with her feats of strength. Capitaine's act is not at all like that of Sandow, however; his exhibitions of strength are made on the level stage; hers are made far above, on the flying trapeze. Muscles that stand out in ridges from his arms and torso as the result of lifting heavy weights do not show under her more delicate skin, while, on the other hand, she has developed to an extraordinary extent those muscles that constant work on the trapeze brings into play.

MUSCLES OF THE FEMALE SANDOW.

Capitaine is very young. One look at her face is enough to prove that. Her father, Enrico Capitaine Magnago, places her age at 19. Her features are regular, her hair is black, her merry, roguish eyes are very dark. Her red lips disclose a perfect row of white teeth, powerful and even. She is of slightly less than average height and admirably proportioned. Concealed under the ordinary bodice, with fashionably wide sleeves, there would be nothing about her body to suggest great strength, though the width of her shoulders is most unusual in a woman.

With her arms and neck bared, her appearance becomes extraordinary. As she moves her head, great bunches of muscle appear on her white throat, extending down toward her shoulders. Her powerful arms taper gracefully down to her slender wrists. Her hands are not exceptionally large, while her feet are really noticeably small.

She made her first public appearance at the age when most children are toddling around and lisping cute sentences, to the delectation of their parents. Her father, Mr. Magnago, had been a trapeze performer for many years, and an instructor of gymnastics in Italian schools. Alcide Capitaine was born in Trieste. From her earliest infancy she showed her predilection for a gymnastic career by utilizing her bed curtains and the furniture for swinging and suspending herself from at every opportunity. Her father was so much impressed by this that he fixed up a small trapeze over her cot, and so she grew up with a trapeze constantly by her.

To make sure that he was not injuring her health by allowing her to take the gymnastic exercise, Mr. Magnago consulted a medical expert, who assured him that the child was so strong that trapeze work in moderation would be beneficial.

Her progress was wonderful, and when she was two years and eight months old she was ready to appear before the public. She made her debut in Messina, and soon won a reputation throughout Southern Europe as "the marvelous infant."

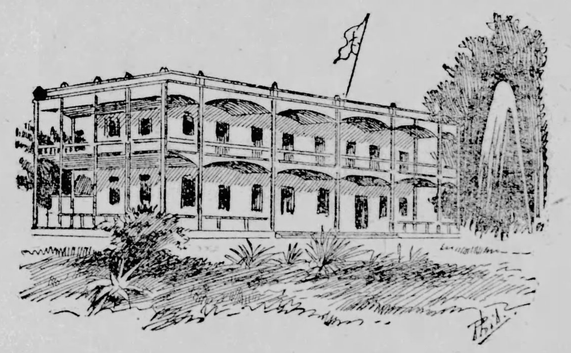
She has been constantly before the public since then, and has appeared everywhere in Europe and in most South American countries. She has incidentally picked up the most important modern languages, and speaks English, French, Spanish and German as fluently as she does her native Italian. She played for a long time in London, in the Aquarium, Crystal Palace, Covent Garden and Empire, and her English shows a slight trace of Cockney surroundings.

THE CAMEROONS.

Where the German Government Is Having Its Trouble.

The Cameroons, where the German government is having serious trouble with the natives, is a territory on the Bight of Biafra, West Africa, 150,000 square miles in extent, and with an estimated population of 2,000,000. It has a coast line of 120 miles between the Campoo river and the Rio del Rey, is bounded on the northeast by a treaty line running northeast to the east of Yola, on the Upper Benue, and on the south by a line running inland due east from the mouth of the Campo river to about the meridian of longitude 15 degrees east, which may be regarded as the eastern or inland limit of the so-called "protectorate."

In 1892 there were 166 whites, of whom



GERMAN GOVERNMENT HOUSE, THE CAMEROONS.

109 were German and 31 English. It became a German protectorate in 1884, and is placed under an imperial governor, assisted by a chancellor, two secretaries and a local council of three representative merchants. The country is fertile, and numerous valuable African vegetable productions grow in profusion. Plantations of cacoo and tobacco have been farmed by a company, and numerous factories carry on an active trade in ivory and palm oil. On January 1, 1888, an import duty was imposed on European goods, and from this the revenue is mainly derived. The chief town is Cameroons, and its port South Batanja, Bimbia and Bakunda Town are other important trading stations, and Aqua Town and Bell Town are the principal native settlements. The imports and exports are quite large.

In April last Mr. Henry M. Stanley wrote to the Peace association a letter in which he attributed the increase of trade in 1892 at African ports under German administration to the growing practice among German merchants of importing into Africa small arms and ammunition. These materials of war, he said, were sold to the slave traders and do inestimable damage. Mr. Stanley inculpated also the Portuguese in his charges. He appealed to the European nations to suppress the traffic in arms carried on by the Germans and Portuguese. Unless this step be taken, he added, all efforts to stop the slave trade would be useless.

In February a German expedition, which was under the command of Freiherr von Stetten, proceeded from the Cameroons coast up the river Saunaga to Balinga, whence it traveled to the thickly populated district of Tikar and reached Ngaudere and Yola. Treaties were concluded with the native tribes in the districts passed through. The reappearance on the coast, the Kreuz Zeitung pointed out, was peculiar in view of the statement made by members of the expedition that Lake Tchad was their goal. It is a fact, though at present an inexplicable one, that German expeditions fail to reach the more easterly portions of the Hinterland of the Cameroons. The expedition returned in September.

England and Germany had a long dispute about the boundaries of the Cameroons which was settled in May last. The third section of the agreement reads:

GERMAN GOVERNMENT HOUSE, THE CAMEROONS.

"The German colonial administration engages not to allow any trade settlements to exist or be erected on the right bank of the Rio del Rey Creek or waterway. In like manner the administration of the Oil rivers protectorate engages not to allow any trade settlements to exist or be erected on the western bank of the Bakassy peninsula from the first creek below Arsibon's village to the sea and eastward from this bank to the Rio del Rey waterway."

According to the German view, the new agreement is a purely fiscal one, intended to enable the British and German administrations to cope with the widespread smuggling, which was especially detrimental to the Cameroons. There had been no question of altering the frontier laid down by the provisional agreement of 1890, which, in consequence of disagreement between the two governments, left the Rio del Rey out of count and settled the frontier as a straight line running from the upper end of the waterway to the middle of the Cross river. But this indefinite "upper end" has now been fixed as above set forth. Much satisfaction was expressed in Berlin at the pledge given by the English government not to allow trade settlements on the Bakassy peninsula, which otherwise would have afforded an excellent base for contraband operations.

WASHINGTON PEOPLE.

Among the older members of Congress Representative McCreary, chairman of the Foreign affairs committee, is known as "Old Barunda." This is a corruption of Barunda, and the sobriquet grew out of the killing of General Barunda, a Gautemalan rebel, several years ago, on board an American steamer. Mr. McCreary made the subject so prominent in the House and expended so much eloquence upon it that he immortalized himself.

Judge Culbertson, of Texas, who is by many regarded as the ablest lawyer of the House, is as plain as an old shoe. He is one of the most genial, unpretending men in public life, and has the remarkable faculty of remembering everything of importance he has ever heard or read. In the last Congress the simple weight of his legal opinion overthrew the Election committee's report in the contested case of Noyes against Rockwell. He did not even make a speech, but frankly expressed the opinion that the points of law involved sustained Rockwell. When the vote was taken nearly all the Democrats planted themselves upon Culbertson's opinion, and Rockwell won.

General O'Ferrell, of Virginia, chairman of the committee which reported against Rockwell, never forgave his Democratic friends for leaving him in defeat and discomfiture. He bears resentments to this day arising from the refusal of men to follow him in his purpose to unseat Rockwell.

A prominent Senator and member of the Judiciary committee was asked to explain the delay in acting upon the nomination of Mr. Hornblower for Supreme Court Justice. He replied: "I can't say, exactly, but my notion is Senator Hill thinks a judge's gown wouldn't become him."

Senator Butler, of South Carolina, is a graceful horseback rider, notwithstanding he wears a cork leg in place of a natural limb, lost in the Confederate army. He is fond of fox and deer hunting, and in these chases leads the heartiest riders. During the Christmas holidays the senator took a party of friends to South Carolina on a hunting trip. They killed five deer in two days.

The President has flatly refused to advise inquiring Democrats how they should vote on the income tax. Two Democratic Representatives who are on excellent terms with Mr. Cleveland asked him recently whether he would prefer the income tax retained or rejected. With some warmth he replied that he would not again express an opinion on matters pending in Congress. He said he had been unjustly assailed for endeavoring to dictate to Congress.

The joints and muscles are so lubricated by Hood's Sarsaparilla that all rheumatism and stiffness soon disappears. Get only Hood's.

Desperate Measures.

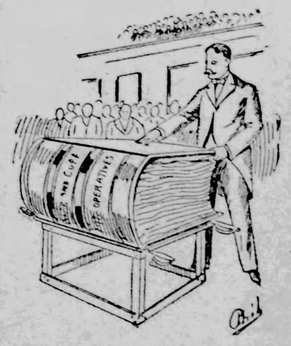
Captain of Police—"How far shall I go in carrying out this order to break up the anarchist meeting?"

Superintendent—"Even to detailing a man to steal their keg of beer.—Puck.

LARGEST ON EARTH.

The Collar and Cuff Workers Against the Wilson Bill.

Here is a picture of Representative Haines, of New York, presenting to Congress the largest petition ever submitted to that body. As will be seen, the petition is in the form of an enormous book, said to weigh nearly half a ton, and the largest book in the world. It contains the enormous number of 69,817 names of the citizens of Troy and vicinity, who ask that the tariff on collars, cuffs, and shirts be not changed. The book is bound in boards, with corner decoration of red, white and blue leather, is about four feet square, and between two and three feet thick, and has been placed in the ways and means committee room. When the discussion ends, Mr. Haines will take possession of the monster petition and keep it as a souvenir.—Washington Post.



Consideration.

She—Pshaw! You take no interest in me. You don't even ask me what kind of books I like to read.

He—That would be a rather delicate subject—the books you like to read—wouldn't it?—Truth.

Necessary for Sailing.

Charley Stasal—I wish that we might sail forever down the stream of life.

Minnie Clipper—So we can—if you will raise the wind.—Detroit Free Press.

It Troubled Him.

Willis—You have a cold. Does it trouble you much?

Wallace—Yes. Every blamed fool I meet asks me about it.—Music and Drama.

THE SCHOOLGIRL.

Her smooth head bending low,
She implores with eager joy,
Dark eyes and cheeks aglow,
O'er the old tale of Troy.
Dear heart and innocent soul!
Thee may the growing years,
As thy quick spring-tides roll,
Bring joy, not tears.

For thee let knowledge spread
History's tented page,
Quaint thoughts of sages dead,
The poet's noble rage,
Gains patient science gives,
And lettered fancies fine,
The master work which lives.
Deathless, divine.

For thee let music wake
Deep inarticulate chords
Which the rapt soul can take
Swifter than any words;
Art's precious garden smile
Through gates enwreathed with flowers,
And fairy dreams beguile
Thy blameless hours.

But may no learning dim
Those clear, regarding eyes;
Still let the morning hymn
And orisons arise.
Leave knowledge which the mind
And not the heart can move,
Still, girl, thy treasure find
In faith and love.
—Lewis Morris, in London Queen.

BELLS ON HER SHOES.

A New Fad of Society Girls—Sweet, Silvery Chimes on Ball Slippers—Some Stylish Jingles.

The latest fashion which enables a woman to make a noise in the world, is the wearing of bells.

At a recent dance of the younger set, given at Sherry's, one of the many debutantes attracted more than her share of attention, for, in the promenade, and more noticeably in the whirl of the dance, a faint musical tinkling of bells marked her movements and beat time to the rhythm of her step says the New York Journal.

None of the many male admirers that flocked around her could discover the source of the mysterious chimes, till a twinkle of her white kid slipper explained the puzzle. A tiny gold bell was fastened to her instep, and its tongue kept up a continual prattle, calling attention to its fair owner.

At one of the large Broadway jewelry stores the Journal reporter learned that bells for ball slippers have been worn abroad, especially in France, for years. Here, however, they are such a decidedly novel importation that they are very hard to find. This difficulty will, of course, exist for only a very short time, as

TINY CHIMES.

the immediate demand will create a rapid supply.

There is room for a variety of tastes and a variety of expenditures, in purchasing these miniature tintinnabulations. It is possible to get them in tin and cheap metals as low as 3 cents a dozen. These come in many colors, green, red, gold, blue and white, and can be adapted to any costume.

But, of course, it will never do for swagger people to wear anything so cheap, and nothing but sterling silver or 18-carat gold will find its way to the instep of society.

At present the silver or gold bells of the more expensive grades will have to be made to order, but this will only add a new charm to them, and the additional cost will be trifling.

SLEIGHBELLS.

Cheaper grades of bells can be secured at the large dry goods stores, at agencies for the usual properties, and at novelty stores in general.

The miniature church bell is preferable, though very pretty effects may be gained by strings of tiny sleigh bells. If only one bell is used, it is sewed securely to the instep of the slipper. Clusters of bells should be strung on silk cord or of small ribbons. The above illustrations will suggest many ways of fastening the bells to the slippers so as to secure sufficient sound and enough artistic effect.

So now it can once more be said of the society princess that:

With rings on her fingers,
And bells on her toes,
She shall make music
Wherever she goes.

A NEW CURE FOR ASTHMA.

Medical science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending out large trial cases of the Kola Compound free to all sufferers from asthma. Send your name and address on postal card, and they will send you a trial case by mail free.

Wants the Weather Straight.

Wonder of I'm foolish,
Cuz I'm growing old,
Not to think the weather's
Quite so mighty cold
Ez it used to sting me,
Wen I wuz a kid,
Wen I waded snowdrifts,
Jest as daddy did.

Drivin' over fences,
Startin' in the fall,
Stayin' thar till springtime,—
Never'd mind at all.
Ponds an' rivers frozen,
Skatin' everywhere.
Wind a-blowin' fearful,
Nuff to raise yer hair.

Then I ust ter like it
Thought the times war great,
Took it like my whisky—
Nothin' only straight.
Want my weather stiddy,
Rather have it strong,
Than to bev the Marchtime
Last all winter long.

Ust ter like the snowtime
Better than the fall;
Ust ter hate the thawin' up,—
Wussest time er all.
Wonder of I'm foolish.
Though I'm gettin' old;
But I'd trade this weather
Fer the siddy cold.
S. W. B.

Zealous.

A hush rested upon the whole village. The converted cannibal woman had returned to her home the evening previous and eaten her husband and three children.

She now relapsed into hopeless and delant savagery.

"Poor thing," they whispered among themselves. "Her zeal in her new relations was too great. This is the reaction."

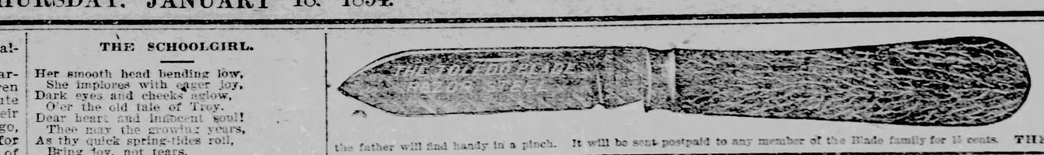
They told in subdued voices, one to another, how she had attended twenty-three five o'clock teas within a month, and shuddered as they thought of her temptation.—Truth

Humble Blue Bottle.

The German national flower is the humble blue bottle or corn flower, and when the German emperor goes among his people in summer and when he has come over to Cowes, the faithful and patriotic blue-eyed Teuton sports his blue bottle.

He Couldn't Say.

Willis—Whose umbrella is that you have? Wallace—How in thunder do I know? It is one Smith borrowed from you.—Music and Drama.



The Blade in this knife is hand-forged from razor steel, and no better material or temper goes into a $2 razor. The handle is metal, representing stag; its weight is ounces. It is the old knife for a Blade boy or girl; a good garden or kitchen knife for the other. At one time it was a premium knife, but now it is sold at cost, postpaid, to any member of the Blade family for 15 cents. THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

THE LADIES.

In Bolivar, Mo., lives a philosophical parent who thus gave his legal consent to his daughter's marriage: "Mr. Clerk—hear is a young man that wants to get married to my daughter I giv her to him as nothing els will do him let them fight."

That girl's mother must have resolution of character. So has Miss Frances Heeney of Chicago, who found a burglar in her parlor, turned up the light, searched his pockets and then turned him out into the cold, cold world.

So has another Chicago girl—one of four "girl bachelors" living together—who hugged a burglar to keep him quiet while the other three yelled.

The beautiful girl violinist draws the bow and the beau.

Nature herself, being feminine, sometimes gives away a woman's age. But it's mean.

Prof. Lombroso, the Italian know-it-all, says that women are less sensitive to pain than men. Dentists and doctors agree with him.

Even a cowardly woman will expose herself to the contagion of love.

No Is the feminine of yes.—Hungarian Proverb.

SHE WON THE WAGER.

A crowd of girls discussed an absent man,
His cold indifference to female beauty,
His firm resolve to live on single plan,
And, as a bachelor, fulfill life's duty.

"I'll bet," said one in accents very sweet,
"That, spite of his alleged contempt for women,
I'll lure that sarcastic cynic to my feet,
And show you that with gallantry he's brimming."

The bet was made; a pair of gloves, or fan,
Or some such item of a girl's requiring,
And straight she set a trap for that young man
With energetic efforts most untiring.

Then, better to succeed in her net scheme,
And win her wager by a slight deception,
She asked all those who shared in her esteem,
To visit her at evening reception.

The girls were there, of course; the young man, too,
And to him said the hostess in the garden,
"Excuse me, sir, would you please tie my shoe—
For asking such a favor I beg pardon."

The young man promptly dropped upon his knee
And gladly tied the shoe; the lady, later,
Exclaimed: "I brought him to my feet, you see,
Although you said he was a woman-hater!"
—Vogue.

LIGHTNING CALCULATORS' WORK.

One-Third Is Memory, One-Third Practice and One-third Tricks.

One-third memory, one-third practice and one-third trick—that is the secret of most of the rapid calculators who figure before the public, says the London Tid Bits. There are very few calculations of which there is not a short way to the solution, but perhaps none of them is so easy and at the same time so surprising to the ordinary mind as the instantaneous extraction of the cube root.

This is a feat which has gained great applause for its performers from the rays of Hutchins, "the lightning calculator," till now the extreme rapidity with which it is worked and the difficulty of the solution by the ordinary methods render it one of the most taking of feats.

Before explaining the method of performing this extraction of the cube root it may be well for the benefit of those readers who have forgotten some of their early school knowledge to explain what a cube root is. Multiply a number by itself and the product by the original number, and the result is a cube. Thus: 9x9=81 (the square of 9). 9x9x9=729 (the cube of 9). Then 9 is the cube root of 729.

Before explaining the method for obtaining from one of the audience an exact cube of not more than six places of figures, though with moderate practice the latter condition need not be insisted on.

Say the cube given is 140,608, of which the root is 52. You know the cubes of the units by heart, thus:

The cube of 1 is	1
The cube of 2 is	8
The cube of 3 is	27
The cube of 4 is	64
The cube of 5 is	125
The cube of 6 is	216
The cube of 7 is	343
The cube of 8 is	512
The cube of 9 is	729

Now, as the thousands in the cube given exceed 125 and are less than 216, the tens in the reply must be 5. For the second figure, or units, a curious trick comes in. The cubes of 1, 4, 5, 6 and 9 end in the same figures: the cube of 2 is 8; the cube of 3 ends in 7, and reversely the cube of 8 ends in 2 and the cube of 7 in 3.

So when the questioner says 140,000 you can say to yourself 50-608, you say out loud on the instant, 52.

Take another, 39,304. The thousands exceed 27; therefore the root is thirty something. The last figure is 4; therefore the root is 34.

DESTROYED BANK NOTES.

How the Bank of England Gets Rid of Superfluous Paper.

The Newcastle Chronicle says that with the Bank of England, the destruction of its notes takes place about once a week, and at 7 p. m. It used to be done in the daytime, but made such a smell that the neighboring stockbrokers petitioned the governors to do it in the evening. The notes are previously cancelled by punching a hole through the amount (in figures) and tearing off the signature of the chief cashier. The notes are burned in a close furnace, and the only agency employed is shavings and bundles of wood. They used to be burned in a cage, the result of which was that once a week the city was darkened with burned fragments of notes. For future purposes of reference, the notes are left for five years before being burned. The number of notes coming into the Bank of England every day is about 50,000, and 250,000 are destroyed every week, or something like 18,000,000 every year. The stock of paid notes for five years is about 77,745,000 in number, and they fill 13,400 boxes, which, if placed side by side would reach two and one-third miles. If the notes were placed in a pile, they would reach to the height of five and two-thirds miles; or, if joined end to end, would form a ribbon 12,455 miles long.

FERRY'S SEEDS

Are just what every farmer needs. The merit of Ferry's Seeds form the foundation upon which has been built the largest seed business in the world.

Ferry's Seed Annual for 1894 contains the sum and substance of the latest farming knowledge. Free for the asking.

D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

TRAPPERS AND FUR BUYERS.

I am a general agent for a London fur manufacturing company, and am able to pay the highest cash prices for furs shipped to me at Doylestown, Pa., express office.

Muskrats, No. 1, $1.00 to $2; Martins, No. 1, $1.50 to $2.50; Muskrats, fall, 14 to 17c; winter 15 to 18c; spring 18 to 20; kids 5c; Bears, black, as to size and beauty, $3 to $15; Bears, brown, per lb. $3 to $5; Cats, $1 to $15. All other raw furs in proportion. Ginseng root, $1 to $—per lb.

Send invoice by mail to Dipersville, Pa., soon as shipment is made and I will remit promptly. Reference, Doylestown National Bank.

ISAAC H. KILE, Dipersville, Pa.

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NOVELTIES.

Branching Aster, (Offers sold for Chrysanthemums.)
Hibiscus, Sunset,
Dahlia, Ethel Vick,
Large Morning Glories,
Double Anemone,
Charmer Pea,
Maggie Murphy and 3 other Potatoes.

ROCHESTER, N.

HOW WE RISE.

We rise by the things that are under feet,
By what we have mastered of greed and gain,
By the pride disposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
When the morning calls us to life and light;
But our hearts grow weary, and ere the night
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We dream in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
But the dreams depart and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit, round by round.
—J. G. Holland.

HOME TALKS.

QUALITIES THAT MAKE LORD AND LADY ABERDEEN POPULAR.

A Few Facts About Their Life and Work—Womanly Character of Lady Aberdeen—Her Ability.

"It had been brought about by the simple talisman of helpful sympathy and profound respect."

In these words, Mr. Stead, in his recent character sketch of Lord and Lady Aberdeen gives the reason for the popular outburst of enthusiasm mingled with grief with which the Irish people bade farewell to them on their departure from Dublin, when Lord Aberdeen was recalled from his office of viceroy. They had been there but six months; were received with doubt and suspicion in the beginning, and yet in that short time they had made their way into the hearts and confidence of those over whom they had been placed, in a manner unprecedented. Where lay the secret?

First, it was helpful sympathy extended towards all with whom they came in contact. This was not in any sense a surface demonstration, and these "emotional and appreciative people" were quick to see and feel that it was real interest in their welfare which prompted the never failing kindness of the dwellers in the castle. There was also another element which entered into the relation. This "sympathy" which led to the most earnest efforts to benefit those whom they were sent to care for was never, in any way, condescending. It was full of a profound respect, which grew deeper as they learned to know and love the warm Irish heart that was supplemented by the quick brain of an oppressed and unfortunate people. And yet I think there are very few who could, in so short a time, have been so wise as to completely disarm prejudice.

Reading the life and characteristics of Lord and Lady Aberdeen as described by Mr. Stead in the Review of Reviews, one cannot fail to see that their success lies in their deep love for humanity and the entire unselfishness in the purposes which point their actions. Self-glorification seems to have nothing whatever to do with their work in any direction, and the Canadian people may well be congratulated upon a governor general who is not only a statesman but a man of sterling integrity, and a most kindly heart.

It is, however, Lady Aberdeen, in whom women, especially, upon this side of the line are interested. The Irish village at the Fair, established under her auspices to arouse interest in Irish industries, made her name a very familiar one, and all pertaining to her of more than ordinary moment. Reading the story of her youth and early surroundings as given here, and one can better understand how she chanced to be the woman that she is.

She was Ishbel Majoribanks, the daughter of the present Lord Tweedmouth. Her early home was amid the wild scenery of Inverneshire "at the head of a lonely mountain strath, 23 miles from the nearest railroad station or telegraph office." It was, indeed, a solitude, and yet a very paradise of beauty, and here she grew into sturdy womanhood, such as might be expected from the life she led. A large part of her days were spent out of doors, and yet she did not lack the means of intellectual development. Her mother, a woman of great beauty and talent, was a charming hostess, and she and her husband united to make their home a synonym for hospitality. Here gathered at different seasons some of the most prominent men in England, and to them the young girl listened while riding or walking in their company, unconsciously as Mr. Stead says, imbibing a strong Liberal bias which presently blossomed in full force under the friendly influences of Mr. Gladstone.

The following is the graphic description of her first meeting with Lord Aberdeen, her husband:

> This Scottish girl, with her Gaelic name, nursed on tradition, on romance, and surrounded from infancy with the sound of the stirring melodies of her native hills, was only eleven when she first saw her present husband. It chanced upon a day that a young man of twenty-one who had been riding across the country, lost his way and came over the hills with a footsore pony to the entrance bridge of Guisachan. He was little more than a boy. Slight of frame, although of ordinary stature, with a frank, fearless look in his eye, as he, after many apologies for trespassing, craved permission to put his pony up for the night at the lodge, so that he might the next day continue his journey. Sir Dudley Majoribanks, on inquiring for the identity of the strange wayfarer, found that he was named John Campbell Gordon, the son of an old Parliamentary friend, the Earl of Aberdeen. He at once gave the highland welcome to the belated traveler. Ishbel, then a girl of eleven, saw the visitor and soon after she fell in love with him, nor has she from that day to this ever wavered in the whole-hearted devotion which exists between her and the man who afterwards became her husband. The portrait, reproduced by permission, of Ishbel Marjoribanks at the age when she first met Lord Aberdeen is copied from a beautiful colored miniature painting which is among the treasures of the family. The acquaintance thus auspiciously begun was continued in a friendship which was consummated and placed upon a more permanent foundation when in the year 1877 Isbbel Marjoribanks became Ishbel Aberdeen.

It is interesting to follow them afterwards and to see how both were alike keyed to a tenderness for humanity's suffering, and both ready to answer the need whenever and wherever it presented itself. This has been their history from the time during their honeymoon trip, they adopted the four boys who were to be sold as slaves in Egypt in order to give them the advantages of the Mission, until to-day, and doubtless the same spirit of loving helpfulness will go with them to the end.

Four children of their own make their home full of life and gaiety—one girl and three boys, and all of these youngsters, it is said, have a most adoring love for their mother. It is no wonder, for she combines with her sweet womanliness, large knowledge of affairs, and "an immense activity and energy, together with a capacity to do things and to get them done."

Some of the things she has accomplished I am going to enumerate. She established the Onward and Upward society, which began in a small way among domestics and poor people, on their estate in Aberdeenshire, and has now 9,000 members throughout the world. It is, according to Dr. Lyman Abbott, a combination of the good features of the Young Woman's Christian association, the Working Girl's club and the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific association. Her labor in the Irish Industrial association I have already spoken of, and need not enlarge upon. The work of largest scope, however, is that which she undertook in the Woman's Liberal Federation, a body of 80,000 members, of which she is the president. Its object is to stimulate women to take an interest in political matters and "make their neefulness felt in all that relates to the moral and social improvement of society." This is a national organization. It grows in strength every year and insists in having a voice in the settlement of national questions.

I have given this short resume of the sketch of this noble lady and her noble work because I think it is well to keep before us such an ideal womanhood. It is true that her opportunities for work are larger than those of the majority, but it is also true that her responsibility is thus greater, but I think she is rarely found lacking.

One secret of her success always—and this brings me back to my starting point—is her attitude of "helpful sympathy" towards all with whom she comes in contact. She offers her assistance as if the pleasure far outweighs the trouble, and thus she draws near to the wounded heart, or to the unfortunate who need her offices. She recognizes always the law that makes her one with all the world, the unity that binds humanity into one universal brotherhood with bonds so strong that nothing can break or tear them asunder.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

HOUSEHOLD CHAT.

What Are the Best Books for Young People to Read?

This is a question which comes up periodically, and to answer it one would need to possess the wisdom of Solomon, since it involves not only a knowledge of books, but of the character of the child who is to read the book; for I think in choosing literature for young people we should be guided by their individual preferences, as much as in choosing a trade or profession for them; and oftentimes the latter taste is developed by the former, as, for instance, I knew a young girl whose preference for reading matter seemed to be confined to the study of the annual illustrated catalogue issued by Vick & Co. One Christmas she received a box of water-colors, and with them commenced coloring the illustrations in this favorite book of hers. She developed an artistic talent and can paint flowers from nature now, that are recognizable at sight, even by so poor an art critic as myself.

If there was a boy in my family who came home from the "county fair" with hands full and pockets bulging with machinists' catalogues, and whose tongue wagged wisely about "cogs" and "levers" and "brakes" for weeks afterward, I should try to put in his way the best books about machines and machinists that I could find. Never fear but he will understand them! It is wonderful how much such boys will "pick up" what is Greek and Hebrew to us women folks.

If there was another boy in my household, under whose pillow I found such thrilling tales as "Red Rob, or the Riot at Riggs's Ranch," I do not think I would consign the book to the flames. Its owner would consider that "tyranny," and resent it by buying something even worse perhaps in its place. I would buy for him a set of "Cooper's Tales," which are certainly improbable enough to suit his taste, besides having a respectable flavoring of history in them.

One of the "sweet sixteens" said to me recently: "I love to read fairy stories, but I never tell the other girls so, for they think they are silly, and would laugh at me." If I was that girl's guardian I should rejoice in her taste; for in my estimation a volume of fairy tales, "purely improbable" as they are, is far better reading for girls, who are bound to have romance of some sort, than the novels that are in circulation among them, which are more "probable" and less "pure."

There are plenty of good books for children of all ages, and no mother need have any difficulty in selecting them, if she has a taste for reading herself, and a due knowledge of her children's dispositions.

One more word. If there are children in your family, do not have one book on your library shelves that is unfit for them to read. "Nonsense!" some one says. "There are many books that are not proper for children's reading that are harmless and interesting for older folks."

"Harmless," perhaps; but if they do not hurt, do they do any good? Most of us have only a limited time to devote to reading, and it hardly seems worth while to waste it upon books that yield us nothing in return.

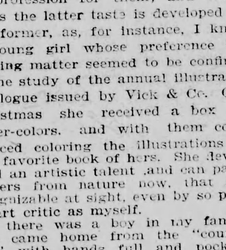
However, if the "nice but naughty" books must remain, put them in brown paper covers and pack them off to the upper shelves, where they will be out of the way of the youngsters, and perhaps overlooked and forgotten by the elders.

THREAD YOUR NEEDLE.

And Make Ready to Add to Your Store of Pretty Things.

Sofa Cushion.

What, another! So some one may be tempted to exclaim when another pattern is presented for the covering of these useful and ornamental



articles. Somewhere I saw that only one woman had ever confessed to having enough pillows, and this was a bride whose husband belonged to a club of 50 members, each of whom made him a present of one. The consequence was a pillow deluge.

Here is an easy way to cover one. Cut a square of any material liked, each side of which is equal to the diagonal of the pillow. A pretty one can be made of Bolton sheeting upon each corner of which embroider a spray in coral stitch, most easily done and quite effective. Any kind of figured stuff is pretty, however. Put this cover on so that the covers may meet in the center of one side as shown in the illustration. Sew cord over each seam and at the point of meeting put a rosette of baby ribbon, or a bow of something wider. If liked it may also be left plain.

Handkerchief Sachet.

Get a small handkerchief with an embroidered edge, one of the thin kind is desirable. Of course any one can pay as much or as little as she chooses for it, but 25 cents will get a very pretty one. Fold it together so that the four corners will meet in the center. Now make a pad made fragrant with sachet powder and cover

it with a pretty colored silk. Slip this in before the last two corners are fastened down. Fasten the sides half way and turn the corners back as shown in the illustration. Put bows of baby ribbon at each fastening.

A Correspondent's Dolley.

I have been making some dollies lately that I would like to describe. I took a square of Irish linen such as shirt bosoms are made of that was 7 1-2 inches each way. I hem stitched a hem half an inch deep with No. 50 cotton thread, I feather stitched inside the hem taking care to make nice little corners. I then left a small

space and drew threads all around the doilies the same distance from the hem on each side. The drawn threads were about one quarter of an inch deep. This left an open space in each corner, and with a raw edge on two sides. With No. 100 cotton thread I turned under the raw edge and overcast closely. With No. 36 cotton thread I crossed the open square, making design No. 1, working blindly up the sides when necessary. I then worked to the center of the outer side, and passed the thread over like No. 2 gathering the drawn threads into bundles of 6, 8 or 10 with a button hole stitch. I worked across the doilies with this stitch, and filled the second open square, which when completed was like No. 3 the last thread catching all the other in the center with a button hole stitch. The first open square was finished the last thing, when I had gone all around the doiley.

Hope I have given my directions so that I may be understood. I would be glad to get ideas of drawn work from others.—Helen Jay.

Fancy Basket.

Some one desires to know how to trim a fancy basket prettily. The Bazar some time ago gave one which is shown here. The basket was first glided and then a quilted lining of old rose silk was put in. On the two

sides were hangings of velvet or ribbed silk, rose colored, embroidered and edged with gimp. Around the outside edge of the basket was a narrow fancy trimming made of a bias band of the silk, but it can be box plaited if the worker is not familiar with the style represented. Wind the handle with baby ribbon and make rosettes of the same to trim as shown. The whole makes a pretty affair.

HOUSEHOLD CORRESPONDENCE.

To Women "Who, Having Tongues, Speak Not."

I was much impressed by a thought in a paper by Dr. Allen, recently reported in The Blade, that women must learn to talk in mixed assemblies. This idea cannot be too carefully instilled into the minds of all women, especially those who must compete with men in a business or professional life.

The programme for the Northwestern Teachers' association, which held its annual convention at Toledo on the first and second of December last, furnishes abundant food for thought. This organization embraces 22 counties of Northwestern Ohio, where, I suppose, the women in the teaching profession outnumber the men, two to one, and yet on that programme not one woman's name is to be found, and this, to my certain knowledge, is not the fault of the men who compose the executive committee. Does this mean intellectual inferiority on the part of the women, or intellectual indifference? In, any case, it means that while such a state of things continues legislation will be shaped to suit the interests of those who can talk, and salaries will be determined in the same manner.—Kittie M. Smith.

Universal Suffrage Not a Cure-All.

I have become interested in the discussion about women and "bad literature," as "Kate K." terms it. I think "Nellie June" is right about the illiteracy of city women in regard to their reading. I have known many of them who were intelligent and well-educated, living within easy walking distance of the public library, where the highest class of literature is to be obtained, who would pore over the veriest trash for hours, and seemingly enjoy it.

In a great many cases it is ignorance of the existence of good literature which causes the majority of women to read "trashy stuff." If they were once introduced to such writers as George Eliot, Dickens, Bulwer-Lytton, and so many others that space forbids me to mention, how many happy hours they could spend in their society.

Many magazines offer standard works as premiums, or at a slight added cost to the annual subscription. If country women, and city ones, too, would avail themselves of these opportunities, more would be accomplished toward the suppression of trashy literature than could be be done by universal suffrage, according to my opinion.—Ione.

An Amateur Dressmaker.

I had a dress which was quite out of style, the skirt being straight, with a gored front; the waist was gathered at the neck and waist and worn with a bodice belt. It was a lovely piece of goods when new, being a changeable garnet and green, but the right side had faded. Ripping it up, I found the inside as bright as new, showing a beautiful red and faint shade of green. After pressing the skirt I cut a new one over a corset pattern, as I prefer them to the full-gored skirts.

I procured a yard of cream wool cassimere, very wide, for 50 cents, and put three folds on the skirt, about two inches wide. The full waist was cut to fit a tight basque lining, and was made very short, with a bias fold around the bottom. The sleeves had been tight, with small caps on them. I had enough new goods, from the first making, to make very large puffs, these were caught up and fastened with knots of the cassimere. In the front and back was a plaited V of the cassimere, with a knot of the same at the point. The front and back is cut to fit the V, and then sewed down to form a fold. The front V is fastened on the left side, and after the lining is fastened is hooked under the fold on the right side and at the shoulder. The basque buttons on to the V, with tiny green buttons, giving it a finished appearance. A fold of the cream at the hand and a fall of lace at 30 cents in the neck which was faced, completed this stylish party dress.—Hazel Eyes.

For Those Who Wish to Dye.

For the lady who wanted to dye yellow: Four ounces bichromate of potash; four ounces sugar of lead; dissolve in separate dishes of warm soft water. Have enough warm, clean water to wring the goods through first; then wring through the sugar of lead; then through the potash; then through the lead again, and dry in the shade. This makes a nice canary color, and if dipped in lime water turns to orange, or in strong "bluing water" to green.—Amateur Dyer.

An Advocate for Country Folks.

I do not agree with "Country Teacher" and "Aline" that country people are illiterate and care nothing for books. I have lived in the country for many years, and find the people as free from gossip, as intelligent and as fond of good books and papers as the city people, as the rounds my own poor old books go to testify. I find that the principal reason most people do without good reading matter is because they are too poor to buy it; to be sure there are those living in the country who do not care to read, but I think there are many of the same kind living in cities where the facilities for obtaining good reading are far better than in the country. I can not see why it is that there are so many who are ready to slur the country people, when the country gives us such men as Washington, Grant, Garfield, Hayes, Lincoln and General Logan; men who were not only competent to "teach school," but to stand at the head of our Nation as well.—Hellen Ginsman.

OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

Sends Another Suggestion for the Entertainment Committee.

A Rose Reception.

This is not necessarily held in the month of roses, June, but as well at any time of the year. Ours was in March, just after a heavy snowstorm, and was held at a private house. It was in the time of numerous teas, kettle-drums, etc., and drew better as a "reception" than it would have done as a "social," many of those specially invited gladly availing themselves of the opportunity to be, for once "in society." A committee of young girls had been busy for some time making tissue paper roses—100 or more. Every room which was open was decorated with roses in vases, garlands or baskets. When the company began to assemble a few drops of attar of rose were deftly scattered over the paper flowers and the cover of a rose jar was taken off so that the fragrance of roses pervaded the whole house. As the guests descended the stairs from the dressing rooms the committee met them and pinned a rose upon each one. A short programme was then presented, beginning with a reading by the pastor of "The Rose of Sharon," by Benj. F. Taylor, continuing with various poems and legends about the rose, including "The Little Red Rose," from Goethe. Then a duet, cornet and piano, "The Last Rose of Summer," and then a poem written for the occasion, "March Roses," concluding with this verse:

> "The wild rose of the meadow,
> The Jacqueminot;
> E'en the tender De Tissue,
> With beauty aglow.
> Pale buds and bright blossoms—
> Sweet gifts from above—
> All breathe the same language
> Of Hope, Truth, and Love."

The president then announced that all present now belonged to the order of the Rose, and were bound to carry out in their daily lives these principles of hope, truth and love.

Next, for a variety, came a potato race. Slips of paper and pencils were passed and all who were willing to take part in this game threw their names into a hat. A few names were drawn out. Two dozen large potatoes were placed in a double row through the rooms with a basket at one end, and the contestants proceeded to pick up the potatoes, one at a time, with a spoon, and deposit them in the basket. The first prize was a beautiful bunch of roses, the second a large potato decorated with ribbons and small roses. A dime collection was then taken, after which all were invited to the supper room to partake of fried cakes and coffee while music was served to those who waited in the parlors. One of our business men, seldom inveigled into attending a church social, said: "That's my idea of what a social ought to be." And all the 50 present seemed to be of the same opinion.

THE COOK'S CORNER.

We have been having "Congresses" of all sorts during the past year, and propose now to have a "Cooks' Congress," with a view to comparing the diet in different parts of the country. If each of our correspondents will help us in this worthy cause, by sending us a list of five recipes for food commonly prepared in their locality, we promise them an entertaining column for some time to come.

To Cook Smoked Halibut.

Wash and lay it with the flesh side down in a pan of cold water over night; wipe dry, and lay on a gridiron over a moderate fire; turn it once. It will cook through in ten minutes.—Mary.

Broiled Quail.

Pull off the skin, split them down the back with a sharp knife, pepper the breasts and lay the inside first upon the grid-iron. Broil them slowly at first; skewer a small piece of pork upon each one. Turn them after seven or eight minutes; broil twenty minutes.—Lindley.

Pea Soup.

1 pt. of split peas, put to soak early in the morning in 1 pt. of cold water; 3 hours before dinner put them in a pot with 1 qt. more water, and 1-2 lb of pork. Boil it steadily, stirring often to prevent its scorching. It may need more water before dinner, and can be made any consistency you prefer.—A Country Cook.

Chicken Patties.

Line small patty pans with pie-crust; bake, and turn out on a platter. Have ready cold chicken chopped fine, mixed with a little cream, salt and pepper, and quickly heated in a sauce pan. Filled the patties with the hot chicken and serve. Cold veal may be used in the same way.—Aunt Huldy.

INQUIRIES.

Look Them Over and See if You Cannot "Lend a Hand."

Will some one send directions for making pumpkin blossoms of tissue paper.—"Dick" and "Nub."

Will the lady signing herself "Charity" in The Blade of September 28, tell how to proportion the oat-meal and milk for a child three months old? None of the prepared foods agree with my baby, and I shall be most grateful for a speedy answer.—Mrs. E. P. Summers.

Will some one who has had experience in laundry work give me some information as to the kind of starch required to do up gentleman's shirt fronts; and if anything can be put in it to give them the glossy appearance one sees in steam laundry work?—A Subcriber.

Do you think a girl is too old at 18 to have her voice trained for home singing?—Cecelia Fulton.

Will some one send me through the Household, a pretty pattern for knitted lace of about 22 or 26 stitches?—Mrs. A. M.

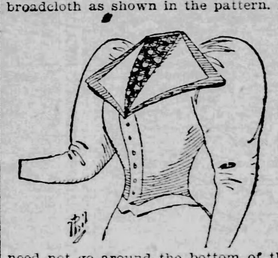
Will some one send the words of the song, "Gentle Annie?"—"Queen."

Will "Nex," whose letter was in The Blade of January 4, please send her address again to the editor of the Household?

ANSWERS.

Glance Herein Carefully—May Benefit You.

Mrs. A. C. L.:—A very pretty way to trim your heavy dark blue silk which you want to make over is with white broadcloth as shown in the pattern. It



need not go around the bottom of the basque, if you do not like it. For a rather stout person it would be prettier left off. The little V shaped piece shown in a plaid may be anything liked, although made of dark blue crossed with light blue would be very pretty.

"Aunt "Lib"—We should advise you to advertise thoroughly in the daily papers of the principal cities in that part of the state. If your uncle is at all well-known some one will doubtless know of his whereabouts. We hope your quest may succeed.

Mrs. M. Randolph:—A short article on the subject you mentioned will be accepted; the one you sent is too rambling to be printed in full, though some extracts appear in this column.—Ed.

For J. H. Biggs:—For the common croup, which usually appears three nights in succession, I use the following with satisfactory results: Wring a cloth out of cold water, the colder the better, and place it over the throat, bringing it well up under the chin. Cover with a dry cloth so that the clothing will not become damp. Change the wet cloth often, so that it may be very cold. After the cough has subsided and breathing becomes easy, discard the water and cover the throat with a dry flannel cloth.

This is also a relief for that constant, hacking cough which so often comes as soon as one has retired, and which does not wear out until it has worn out its victim.—L. A. F.

To those sisters who would like to earn a little money for themselves, I would suggest the plan of buying 40 or 50 rose-comb brown leghorn chickens. They lay all the year around except when molting, and mature so soon that the chickens first hatched in the spring will begin laying the following fall, taking the place of the old hens that are molting. Besides this they are good setters and excellent mothers; they are easily broken from setting; over-feeding does not hinder them from laying; in fact they are not apt to eat too much, and are less liable to disease than other hens. The color does not matter so much, except that frozen combs are overcome in the rose-comb variety to a great extent.—Mrs. M. Randolph.

If the lady who asked for a remedy for fleas on her pet dog—or cat, I forget which, will dust the animal thoroughly with Persian insect powder, rubbing it in with an old hair brush, repeating the operation every day for a week, she will be pleased with the result.—Dido.

Some one asks for simple rules for the care of canaries. Here are mine. A clean cage, fresh water and seed; no drafts, plenty, but not too much sunshine, always seeing that one perch is shaded in case the bird droops from the heat; sand for them to "dust in;" a bath every other day; a cuttle bone, and a little "green stuff" two or three times a week, if nothing more than a few spears of grass. I never permit any "teasing," especially of young birds, and I cut their nails frequently to prevent lameness or sore feet.—Polly.

THE MERRY GO ROUNDS.

An Excellent Send-Off for the New Year—Willa Has a Word.

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:—I have read all the letters and enjoyed them very much, but think I liked Laura Golden's best. I would like to know her personally, her ideas almost coincide with mine. I do not appreciate Dickens either, although I have read nearly all his novels.

I agree with Delayney about Charlotte M. Breame, and think "We Two" is splendid. I like Miss Alcott as "Pansy," "Josiah Allen's Wife," "Mark Twain," Rose Carey, George Eliot and love Longfellow's "Evangeline." There are several of my favorites that have not been mentioned. Doesn't anybody like Drummond's addresses or Owen Meredith's "Lucile?"

I am a daughter of a soldier too, Kathleen, but if you meant the order of "Daughters of Veterans" I am not a member.

I am sorry nobody followed Fern Hazelton's suggestion: Deaf Mute and Nil. I enjoyed your letters very much. I agree with Lillian Rose about the "boy question." My ideal is a gentleman in every sense of the word, but farther than that I have not decided. I have plenty of time yet, as I am only 19.

My favorite studies are mathematics, literature and music. Do any of the Merry-Go-Rounds play either a guitar or a mandolin?—"Willa."

A Very Sensible Ideal, Too.

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:—I have long been a quiet reader of your column, but never before had courage to write. I, too, am trying to be a school teacher.

My ideal girl should know how to cook if nothing else.

I would like to correspond with Fern Hazelton.—"Foy."

The Ideal Girl at Last.

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:—Meeting her for the first time, a stranger might be attracted by her pleasant face and graceful manner, but the real charm lies in the beauty of her every day life. She is a noble girl, and she does not know it. Her name is Estelle, but to her friends she is known by the homely name of Peggy. The youngest of a large family, and the only one remaining at home, she is the joy and comfort of her parents' lives. Fond of music and books, she has given up many advantages that she might remain where she was so sorely needed. Sweet-tempered, happy and good, to me she seems the embodiment of all that is beautiful and lovely. Do you wonder that we almost worship her?—Cecelia Fulton.

The Mote and Beam.

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:—My ideal young man would be hard to find, but I think instead of looking for him we girls had better try to improve ourselves. I think it's as bad for girls to chew gum as for boys to chew tobacco. What do you think about it? I would like to be a dressmaker.—Missouri Wild Rose.

A Youthful Correspondent.

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:—Will you admit a new member from Iowa? I enjoy your column and Our Young Folks so much, and I find "The Fair Virginian" very interesting. My favorite authors are E. P. Roe and Louisa M. Alcott. I am 11 years old, and this is my first attempt to write for publication.—Elma White.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

WILLIAM BLACK, THE PROLIFIC WRITER OF SCOTTISH NOVELS.

Noted for His Descriptions of Natural Scenery—The Way in Which He Writes His Books.

The stories of William Black have always an out-of-door flavor that to Nature's lovers is exceedingly attractive. Almost we can feel the Highland breezes; almost we can see the hills and moorlands over which he loved to wander. The scenes are usually laid in the land of his birth, and the characters seldom depart farther away than London. The life he describes is a healthy one, only touched by the peculiar characteristics of the Scottish race.

Mr. Black was born in Glasgow in 1841. Very early he developed a taste for botany, and in the intervals of his school work he spent much time in walking over the hills near his home, making what collections he could of the various plants there growing. While, as he himself says, he did not make great progress in botanical lore, he did so fall in love with the beautiful colorings of Nature that the ambition grew to become a landscape painter. After giving a year or two to its study, however, he concluded that he could not succeed as an artist, and he settled down to newspaper work, varying this occupation with out-of-door sports whenever and wherever he could spare time for their enjoyment. It was in this way that he developed the sturdy physical strength which has distinguished him.

In 1875 Mr. Black gave up journalism, and since that time has devoted himself to the writing of novels. His

WILLIAM BLACK.

home now is in Brighton, England, but he is there steadily only from October to April. During the summer months he is either upon his yacht or hunting on the Scottish moorlands, varying this sometimes with a trip through England in a phaeton, or in what is called a house-boat, the latter being a boat used upon the canals. "The Strange Adventures of a House Boat," comes from some of these experiences.

It is during these summer wanderings that Mr. Black plans his stories. With his notebook in hand he jots down anything suggestive which he sees, and finally when he returns to his house in October begins the work of making these stories which he has arranged in his mind into copy for the printer.

His writing room was described in the Book Buyer of some time ago, as a long, low room at the top of the house, furnished very simply. His desk stands between two windows, from which he can look forth upon the white sails of the Channel. One side of the apartment is filled with bookcases, and upon one of the shelves are the bound volumes of the manuscripts of his novels.

Some fo his novels are as follows: "Madcap Violet;" "In Silk Attire;" "A Daughter of Heth;" "A Princess of Thule;" "Three Feathers;" "Zolande;" "White Wings;" "Macleod, of Dare;" "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton;" "The Strange Adventures of a House Boat," and many others. Mr. Black's usual average is a novel a year.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

ELF SONG.

I twist the toes of the birds a-doze,
I tickle the dewbells bright;
I chuck the chin of the dimpled rose
'Till she laughs in the stars' dim light.
The glowworm's lamp I slide in the damp,
I steal the wild bee's sting;
I pinch the toad 'till his legs are a-cramp,
And clip the beetle's wing.
O ho! O hey!
My pranks I play
With never a note of warning

I set a snare for the moonbeams fair
All wrought of spidg-web twine;
I tangle the daughtry children's hair
In a snarl of rare design.
I flit through the house without any noise,
There's never an elf so sly;
I break the toys of bad little boys
And the cross little girls who cry.
O hey! O ho!
I work them woe
Till crows the cock in the morning.
—Samuel Minturn Peck.

A TRAMP, A RING, AND A PLUM-PUDDING.

"Oh, put in a lot of raisins, Liz," and Robert dove into the raisin box and brought out a handful which he proceeded to make way with as rapidly as possible.

"There won't be any to put in if you stay around long," the young lady retorted, as she proceeded to stir vigorously a dark, fruity looking concoction in a yellow earthenware bowl.

"The sauce, Katy, you know, is in the cellarway," she added, turning to a yellow haired girl of 13or thereabouts who stood at the table, watching her intently.

"Yes, mother told me," Katy answered.

"Let it steam for two hours, and don't lift off the cover to look at it until it's done. It'll be heavy as lead if you do. Don't forget."

"No, I won't," and Katy answered in a tone of grave responsibility.

"Oh, Lizzie, may I have three pieces?" chimed in a childish voice, and a little girl whose eyes were just on a level with the table came and eyed the big bowl wistfully.

"Yes, as many as you want, if it won't make you sick," said kind-hearted Lizzie.

"Katy, I wonder if you could get me loose? There's a hook caught in the lace on my basque somewhere," and Mrs. Rice appeared at the door with her mouth full of pins, and one sleeve off and one sleeve on, after the fashion of "My Son John," only it was shoes in that case.

"Here's father at the door!" sang out Robert.

"And you're not nearly ready, Lizzie," Mrs. Rice tried to say with her mouth full of pins, while Katie helped her into the other sleeve.

"I will be in just a minute, mother," and she poured the pudding into the dish where it was to be steamed, untied her blue gingham apron, gave a hasty farewell brush to her hair, and in five minutes was in her hat and jacket. You wouldn't have known her for the same young lady you first saw stirring plum-pudding.

Robert, Katy and little May followed their mother and sister out to the side door, where their father was waiting with the team. The horses were stepping impatiently, as if in a hurry to be off.

"Well, are you ready?" Mr. Rice greeted them with, and then there was the usual climbing in and stowing away of wraps and bundles, and at the last Lizzie remembered she had forgotten a sample she wanted to match, and Katy ran and got it for her.

"If it's crowded now," Mrs. Rice said, leaning forward and rescuing an umbrella from going out of the wagon, "there won't be room for us on the way home with all of your wedding fixings, Lizzie. For Lizzie was going to be married, and the trip to the city was to buy all of the pretty things for her wedding.

"Well, good-bye, children. Be good and don't pester your sisters, Robert."

"And, Katy, whatever you do, don't take the cover off the pudding till it's done; and remember the sauce is in the cellar-way," Lizzie called back, as they drove out of the yard.

The children watched them out of sight, and then Katy went in and began putting the room to rights, while Robert and May played a game of marbles on the floor. And then it came time to put over that pudding, and Katy went about on tip-toe, and almost held her breath, for fear the least jar might make it heavy, and Robert and May went to play outdoors.

It lacked just five minutes of 12 when the two hours were up, and Katy took off the cover, oh! so carefully, and peeped down in at the pudding, with a face of anticipation and apprehension combined.

"Is it all right?" May and Robert asked anxiously, as they watched her.

"Yes, I think it is," Katy answered. And it was—done to just that state of perfection that a plum pudding needs to be.

Katy proceeded to get the sauce from the cellarway, and they put the plum pudding in the center of the table, where their father usually sat, and Robert was just holding his knife ready to cut a slice—a good, thick slice it was going to be, too—when there came a heavy rap at the kitchen door.

"You go," Katy said, nodding at him. So he dropped the knife and went.

There at the door stood a very dirty, vagabondish-looking man—at least Robert thought so. His coat was ragged, his boots were out at toe, he was covered with dust. He looked angry and ashamed.

"I have no money," he said, "and I am very hungry. Do you suppose your mother would give me something to eat?"

"Mother isn't home, but she always does give folks something to eat. Just wait a minute"—and Robert bounced back into the dining-room, where he and Katy held a whispered consultation.

"S'posin' I take him a plate of pudding out on the steps?" Robert whispered.

"But that looks just as if we thought he wasn't good enough to eat with us, and it might hurt his feelings," Katy said.

"Well, let's ask him in, then. I'm getting hungry."

"All right."

So the tramp came in and sat down with the children, after stopping in the kitchen to wash and brush up a bit.

It was a good thing the plum pudding was a large one, for they all ate a good deal, and the tramp seemed almost starved. He ate three slices of bread, too, besides the pudding. The angry, ashamed look wore away, as the children talked to him, and told him their father and mother had gone to the city, and all about how Lizzie was going to be married.

He praised the plum pudding, and said it tasted for all the world like those his mother used to make, when he was a boy in England. He told them that he had two little children of his own; the oldest wasn't larger than May, and the youngest was a baby; his wife had been sick a long time, and the mill where he worked had shut down; he had waited a long time expecting it to open, but had finally given up. A friend of his a good many miles away, who worked in another mill, had sent him word to come there and he could get work, so he had started to walk; just as soon as he could get money enough he should send for his sick wife and babies. The tears came into his eyes while he talked, but he brushed them away with the back of his hand, and the children looked down at their plates and pretended not to see him.

When he had finished eating he pushed back his chair. "Well, I'll have to be moving, for I've a long stretch ahead of me yet."

"How much farther is it?" Robert asked.

"About 18 miles, I think."

"Well, you'll want some lunch before you get there," Katy said, and proceeded to cut slices of bread, and a thick slice of pudding, which she did up in a paper and gave to the man.

He thanked her, and his voice broke as he said: "I never forget you children. If ever I get on my feet again, and any of you ever needs a friend, you'll find him in John Jones—and that's me." Then he shook hands with them all round, and went down the road brushing the back of his hand over his eyes.

He had only got as far as the red barn and the willows when Robert came dashing after him, hatless and breathless, yelling "Hi, there! Mr. Jones." He stopped and waited.

"Say, Mr. Jones, here's 25. Katy and I talked it over. We were saying it to get Lizzie a present, but Liz is that kind of a girl, we know she'd rather you'd have it. We thought you could send for your wife and children sooner."

"Thank you! thank you!" the man almost whispered, and again had recourse to his hand across his eyes. "I'll take it, but you shall have it back again in time for the wedding present," and again he wrung Robert's hand, and they parted.

It was quite late when the family reached home that night. Robert had driven the cows into the barnyard, and was out with a lantern to meet them as they drove up, while Katy had a smoking supper ready to put on the table. Such lots of boxes and bundles as they had, too! The children thought they would never get them all in.

Before Lizzie had taken off her hat she went straight to the little shelf over the kitchen table and run her hand carefully over it. She did this two or three times around, and asked in a frightened voice:

"Oh, Katy, have you seen my ring?"

"Why, no, I haven't seen it," and Katy came and looked, too. "Did you leave it here?"

And poor Lizzie was sure she did, when she made the pudding, and then she hurried away and forgot it. Then everybody forgot all about supper and hunted for that ring, and Lizzie cried and said between her sobs that she didn't want George to get a diamond, but he would go and pay so much, and what would he think of her for losing it? And probably they wouldn't be married at all, after all.

And then Katy said something about the tramp, and Mr. Rice asked them about it, and then said, gloomily: "Well, that settles it! He's got your ring."

Robert told him his name was John Jones, and perhaps they would find him and ask him about it, and Mr. Rice laughed sarcastically and said he "supposed that was as good a name as any to find him by."

And finally everybody went to bed, and Lizzie cried herself to sleep.

In the morning Mr. Rice inquired of all the neighbors which way the tramp took after getting out of sight of the house, but none of them had seen him. He even drove to the little village, a few miles beyond, but no one remembered to have seen him there. He drove home, saying it "was no use; one might as well look for a needle in a haystack."

And so the days went along for more than a week, and neither the ring nor the tramp were found.

Then came another night, and the family had all gone to bed. Only Lizzie was lying awake, heedful over the loss of her diamond, and dreading the day when she would have to tell George.

Suddenly there came the rattle of buggy wheels, and then a rap at the door that might have awakened the "seven sleepers," but instead awakened the six there were in the house. Mr. Rice put his head cautiously out of his bed-room window, and called: "Who's there?"

"It's me, John Jones!" came the answer in clear and unmistakable tones.

"Oh; he'll murder us in our beds!" gasped Mrs. Rice, as she sank back and covered her head with the bed clothes, as if resigning herself to her fate. But before Mr. Rice could decide on a course of action, there came a swift patter of bare feet down the stairs, the front door swung open, and Robert's voice shouted joyously:

"Yes, it's him, papa! It's our tramp!"

It didn't take many minutes for everybody to get dressed and assemble in the sitting room, and then John Jones produced from his inner vest pocket a tiny package, wrapped in tissue paper, and Lizzie screamed with delight when he unfolded it and held up before her astonished eyes her diamond ring. And then the

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give, first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

THE HAWAIIAN AFFAIR.

PRESIDENT DOLE'S PATRIOTIC REPLY TO WILLIS.

The Complete Story of the Defense Told by the Ablest of the Hawaiian Revolutionists—Queen Lil Has No Claim Now to the Throne if Decency is to Prevail in the Islands.

Washington, Jan. 13.—The President to-day transmitted to Congress the correspondence relating to Hawaii since his last message. The message transmitting additional Hawaiian correspondence is as follows:

To the Congress:—I transmit herewith copies of all dispatches from our minister to Hawaii, relating in any way to political affairs in Hawaii, except such as have been heretofore transmitted to Congress. I also send copies of instructions sent on January 12, 1892, being the only instructions to him that have not been sent to Congress. In my former messages to Congress, I withheld dispatch No. 3, under date of November 16, 1893, and also dispatch No. 70, under date of October 8, 1893. Inasmuch as the contents of dispatch No. 3 are all referred to in dispatch of more recent date, and inasmuch as there seems to be no longer reason for withholding it, the same is herewith submitted. Dispatch No. 70 is still withheld for reasons that seem to be justifiable and proper.

(Signed) GROVER CLEVELAND.

The last instructions to Minister Willis referred to in the President's letter of transmittal as the only instructions not sent to Congress are dated yesterday. They were sent under cover of a telegram to W. A. H. Cooper, the dispatch agent at San Francisco, instructing him to forward the following telegram to Mr. Willis by the steamer Mariposa to-morrow (to-day):

January 12, 1894.

To Willis, Minister, Honolulu.

Your Nos. 14 to 18, inclusive, show that you have rightly comprehended the scope of your instructions and have as far as was in your power discharged the onerous task conided in you. The President sincerely regrets that the provisional government refuses to acquiesce in the conclusion which his sense of right and duty and a due regard for our national honor constrained him to reach and submit as a measure of justice to the people of the Hawaiian islands and their deposed sovereign. While it is true that the provisional government was created to exist only until the islands were annexed to the United States, that the queen finally but reluctantly surrendered to an armed force of this government illegally quartered in Honolulu, and representatives of the provisional government (which realized its impotence and was anxious to get control of the queen's means of defense) assured her that, if she would surrender her case would be subsequently considered by the United States, the President has never claimed that such action constituted him an arbitrator in the technical sense or authorized him to act in that capacity between the provisional government. You made no such claim when you acquainted that government with the President's decision.

The solemn assurance given to the queen has been referred to not as authority for the President to act as arbitrator, but as a fact material to a just determination of the President's duty in the premises.

In the note which the minister of foreign affairs addressed to you on the 23d ultimo, it is stated in effect that even constitutional government was subverted by the action of the American minister, and an invasion by a military force of the United States, the President's authority is limited to dealing with our own unfaithful officials and that he can take no steps looking to a correction of the wrong done. The President entertains a different view of his responsibility and duty. The subversion of the Hawaiian government by an abuse of the authority of the United States was in plain violation of international laws, and required the President to disavow and condemn the act of our offending officials, and within the limits of his constitutional power to endeavor to restore the lawful authority.

On the 12th ultimo, the President in a special message to Congress communicating copies of Mr. Blount's reports and the instructions given to him and to you. On the same day, answering a resolution of the House of Representatives, he sent copies of all correspondence since March 4, 1889, on the political affairs and relations of Hawaii withholding for sufficient reasons only Mr. Stevens's No. 70, of October 8, 1893, and your No. 3, of November 15, 1893.

The President therein announces that the conditions of restoration suggested by him to the queen had not proved acceptable to her, and that since the instructions sent to you to insist upon those conditions, he had not learned that the queen was willing to assent to them. The President thereupon submitted the subject to the more extended powers and wide discretion of Congress, adding the assurance that he would be gratified to cooperate in any legitimate plan which might be devised for a solution of the problem, consistent with American honor, integrity and morality.

Your reports show that on further reflection, the queen gave her unqualified assent in writing, to the conditions suggested, but that the provisional government refused to acquiesce in the President's decision. The matter now being in the hands of Congress, the President will keep that body fully advised of the situation, and will lay before it from time to time, the reports received from you including your No. 3, heretofore withheld, and all instructions sent to you. In the meantime, while keeping the department fully informed of the course of events, you will, until further notice consider that your previous instructions upon this subject have been fully complied with.

(Signed.) GRESHAM.

About Dole's Refusal.

The last dispatch received from Minister Willis, enclosing President Dole's reply to his demand for the retirement of the provisional government is as follows:

Mr. Willis to Mr. Gresham:

No. 16.

Legation of the United States, Honolulu, Dec. 23, 1893, 12 midnight.

Sir:—President Dole has just delivered in person at this hour (midnight) the answer of the provisional government, denying for reasons therein stated to accept the decision of the President of the United States—a copy of which is herewith enclosed.

The revenue cutter Corwin is under sailing orders and will leave here in a few minutes for San Francisco. The captain has been instructed to slow up—if necessary—and enter the harbor of San Francisco at night, and to deliver in person the dispatches numbered 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, and 19 to our dispatch agent at that place.

The object of this is to enable the President to receive these official communications before any intimation of their character can be telegraphed.

I will on Tuesday acknowledge the receipt the answer of the provisional government, notifying it that the President of the United States will be informed thereof, and that no further steps will be taken by me until I shall have heard from him. I shall deliver a similar communication to the queen.

The very great excitement prevailing here and the peculiar conditions surrounding this people, prompt the above course, which I trust will meet the approbation of the President and of yourself. I think it proper to acknowledge in this public way, the efficient services rendered to the government of the United States by our consul general, Mr. Willis, since my arrival at this place. (Signed)

ALBERT S. WILLIS.

Enclosure: Answer of the provisional government.

President Dole's Reply.

President Dole's reply to the United States minister's demand is as follows:

Honolulu, Dec. 23, 1893.

Sir:—Your excellency's communication of December 19, announcing the conclusion which the President of the United States of America has fully arrived at respecting the application of this government for a treaty of political union with that country, and referring also to the domestic affairs of these islands, has had the consideration of the government.

While it is with deep disappointment that we learn that the important proposition which we have submitted to the government of the United States and which was at first favorably considered by it has at length been rejected, we have experienced a sense of relief that we are now favored with the first official information upon the subject that has been received through a period of over nine months.

While we accept the decision of the President of the United States declining further to consider the annexation proposition and the conclusion of the present administration, we do not feel inclined to regard it as the last word of the American government upon this subject; for the history of the mutual relations of the two countries, of American effort and influence in building up the Christian civilization which has so conspicuously aided in giving this country an honorable place among independent nations, the geographical position of these islands and the important, and to both countries, profitable reciprocal commercial interests which have long existed, together with our weakness as a sovereign nation, all point with convincing force to political union between the two countries as the necessary logical result from the circumstances mentioned.

This conviction is emphasized by the favorable expression of American statesmen over a long period in favor of annnexation, conspicuous among whom are the names, W. L. Marcy, William H. Seward, Hamilton Fish and James G. Blaine, all former secretaries of state and especially so by the action of your last administration in negotiating a treaty of annexation with this government and sending it to the Senate with a view of its ratification.

We shall therefore continue the project of political union with the United States as a conspicuous feature of our foreign policy, constantly hoping that sooner or later it will be crowned with success to the lasting benefit of both countries. The additional portion of your communication referring to our domestic affairs with a view of interfering therein is a new departure in the relations of the two governments. Your information that the President of the United States expects this government "To promptly relinquish to her (meaning the ex-queen), her constitutional authority," with the question, "Are you willing to abide by the decision of the President?" might well be dismissed in a single word, but for the circumstances that your communication contains as it appears to me, mis-statements and erroneous conclusion based thereon that are prejudicial to this government that I cannot permit them to pass unchallenged; moreover, the importance and menacing character of this proposition make it appropriate for me to discuss somewhat fully the questions raised by it.

His Right Not Recognized.

We do not recognize the right of the President of the United States to interfere in our domestic affairs. Such right could be conferred upon him by the act of this government and by that alone, or it could be acquired by conquest. This, I understand to be the American doctrine conspicuously announced from time to time by the authorities of your government.

President Jackson said in his message to Congress in 1836 "The uniform policy and practice of the United States is to avoid all interference in disputes which mostly relate to the internal government of other nations, and eventually to recognize the authority of the prevailing party without reference to the merits of the original controversy."

This principle of international law has been consistently recognized during the whole past intercourse of the two countries, and was recently reconfirmed in instructions given by Secretary Gresham to Commissioner Blount on March 11, 1893, and by the latter published in the newspapers in Honolulu in a letter of his own to the Hawaiian public. The words of these instructions which I refer to are as follows:

"The United States claim no right to interfere in the political or domestic affairs, or in the internal conflicts of the Hawaiian islands other than as herein stated (referring to the protection of American citizens), or for the purpose of maintaining any treaty or other rights which they possess."

No Right of Interference.

The treaties between the two countries confer no right of interference.

Upon what then, Mr. Minister, does the President of the United States base his right of interference? Your communication is without information upon this point, excepting such as may be contained in the following brief and vague sentences.

"She (the ex-queen) was advised and assured by her ministers and leaders of the movement for the overthrow of her government that if she surrendered under protest her case would afterwards be fairly considered by the President of the United States. The queen finally yielded to the armed forces of the United States, then quartered in Honolulu, relying on the good faith and honor of the President when informed of what had occurred, to undo the action of the minister and re-instate her and the authority which she claimed as the constitutional sovereign of Hawaiian islands.

"Also it becomes my further duty to advise you, sir, that the executive of the provisional government and your ministers of the President's determination of the question which your action and that of the Queen devolved upon him, and you are expected to promptly relinquish to her constitutional authority."

Haven't Seen Blount's Report.

I understand that the first quotation is referred to in the following words of the second, "which your action and that of the queen devolved upon him," (the President of the United States, and that the President has arrived at his conclusions from Commissioner Blount's report. We have had as yet no opportunity of examining this document, but from extracts published in the papers and for reasons set forth hereafter, we are not disposed to submit the fate of Hawaii to its statements and conclusions. As a matter of fact, no member of the executive or of the provisional government has conferred with the ex-Queen either verbally or otherwise from the time the new government was proclaimed till now, with the exception of one or two notices which were sent to her by myself in regard to her removal from the palace and relating to the guards which the government first allowed her, and perhaps others of a like nature. I infer that a conversation which Mr. Damon, a member of the advisory council, is reported by Mr. Blount to have had with the ex-Queen on January 17, and which has been quoted in the newspapers, is the basis of the astounding claim on the President of the United States of his authority to adjudicate upon our right as a government to exist.

Mr Damon, on the occasion mentioned, was allowed to accompany the cabinet of the former government, who had been in conference with us. What Mr. Damon said to the ex-Queen he said on his individual authority, and did not report it to us.

Mr. Blount's report of his remarks on that occasion furnishes the government its first information of the nature of those remarks. Admitting, for argument's sake, that the government had authorized such assurances what was "her case," that was afterwards to "be fairly consid-

ALBERT S. WILLIS, MINISTER TO HAWAII.

EX-QUEEN LILIOUOKALANI.

ered by the President of the United States?" Was it the question of her right to subvert the Hawaiian constitution and to proclaim a new one herself, or was it her claim to be restored to the sovereignty, or was it her claim against the United States for the alleged unwarrantable acts of Minister Stevens, or was it all these in the alternative? Who can say?

But if it had been all of these, or any of them, it could not have been more clearly and finally decided by the President of the United States in favor of the provisional government than when it recognized it without qualification and received its accredited successively two envoys extraordinary and ministers plenipatentiary to it, the ex-Queen in the meantime being represented in Washington by her agent, who had full access to the department of State.

Government Correspondence.

The whole business of the government with the President of the United States is set forth in the correspondence between the two governments and the acts and statements of the minister of this government at Washington and the annexation ministers accredited to it. If we have submitted our right to exist to the United States, the fact will appear in that correspondence and the acts of our minister and commissioners. Such agreement must be shown as the foundation of the right of your government to interfere, for an arbitrator can be created only by the act of two parties.

The ex-queen sent her attorney to Washington to plead her claim for reinstatement in power, or failing in that for a money allowance or damages. This attorney was refused passage on the government dispatch boat which was sent to San Francisco with the annexation commissioners and their message. The departure of this vessel was less than two days after the new government was declared and the refusal was made promptly upon receiving the request therefor, either on the day the government was declared or on the next day. Should her attorney have been refused passage on this boat?

The Ex-Queen's Letter.

The ex-queen's letter to Mr. Harrison, dated January 18, two days after the new government was proclaimed, makes no allusion to any understanding between her and the government for arbitration. President Dole here quotes the ex-queen's letter which has been heretofore published. He then proceeds:

"If any understanding had existed at that time between her and the government to submit the question of her restoration to the United States, some reference to such an understanding would have existed for calling the attention of the President to that fact, and especially, as she then knew that her attorney would be seriously delayed in reaching Washington. But there is not a word from which such an understanding can be predicted. The government sent its commissioners to Washington for the sole purpose of procuring the confirmation of the recognition by Minister Stevens of the new government, and to enter into negotiations for political union with the United States.

"The protest of the ex-queen made on July 17, is equally with the letter devoid of evidence of any mutual understanding for a submission of her claim to the throne to the United States. It is very evidently a protest against the alleged action of Minister Stevens as well as the new government, and contains a notice of her appeal to the United States. The document was received exactly as it would have been received if it had come through the mail. The endorsement of its receipt upon the paper was made at the request of the individual who brought it, as evidence of its safe delivery. As to the ex-queen's notice of her appeal to the United States it was a matter of indifference to us. Such an appeal could not have been prevented, as the mail service was in operation as usual. That such a notice, and our receipt of it without comment, should be made the foundation of a claim that we have submitted our right to exist as a government to the United States had never occurred to us until suggested to us by your government."

The Ex-Queen's Protest.

The protest of the ex-queen already published is here quoted and Mr. Dole

"You may not be aware but such is the fact, that at no time until the present action of the claim of the President of the United States of his right to interfere in the internal affairs of this country, by you on December 19, has this government been officially informed by the United States government that any such course was contemplated. And not until the publication of Mr. Gresham's letter to the President of the United States on the Hawaiian question had we any reliable intimation of such a policy. The adherents of the ex-queen have indeed claimed from time to time that such was the case, but we have never been able to attach serious importance to their rumors than effect, feeling sure in our perfect diplomatic relations with your country, and relying upon the friendship and fairness of a government whose dealings with us has ever shown full recognition of our independence as a sovereign power, without any tendency to take advantage of the disparity of strength between the two countries.

Where Was the Arbitration.

If your contention that President Cleveland believes that this government and the ex-queen have submitted their respective claims to the sovereignty of this country, to the adjudication of the United States is correct then, may I ask, when and where has the President held this court of arbitration? This government has had no notice of the sitting of such a tribunal and no opportunity of presenting evidence of it or of it's claims. If Mr. Blount's investigations were a part of the proceedings of such a court, this government did not know it, and was never informed of it; indeed, as I have mentioned above, we never knew until the publication of Secretary Gresham's letter to President Cleveland a few weeks ago, that the American executive had a policy of interference under contemplation. Even if we had known that Mr. Blount was authoritatively acting as a commissioner to take evidence upon the question of the restoration of the ex-queen, the methods adopted by him in making his investigations were, I submit, unsuitable to such an examination or any examination upon which Hawaiian matters were to be adjudicated. As I am reliably informed, he selected his witnesses and examined them in secret, freely using leading questions, giving no opportunity for a cross examination and often not permitting explanations by witnesses themselves as they desired to make of evidence which he had drawn from them. It is hardly necessary for me to suggest that under such a mode of examination some witnesses would be almost helpless in the hands of an astute lawyer and might be drawn into saying things which would be only half truths and standing alone would be misleading or even false in effect. Is it likely that an investigation conducted in this matter could result in a fair, full and truthful statement of the case in point. Surely the destinies of friendly governments admitting by way of argument that the right of arbitration exists, may not be disposed of upon an ex-parte and secret investigation without the knowledge of such government or an opportunity by it to be heard or even to know who the witnesses were."

President Dole then proceeded to show how Minister Blount obtained his testimony, and in a perfectly respectful way stated that his course did not give him a fair opportunity to judge of the people and the situation. Mr. Dole did not attack Mr. Blount or question the sincerity of his report.

Mr. Dole's Conclusion.

In conclusion Minister Dole says:

"I am instructed to inform you, Mr. Minister, that the provisional government of the Hawaiian Islands respectfully and unhesitatingly declines to entertain the proposition of the President of the United States that it should surrender its authority to the ex-Queen.

"This answer is made, not only upon the grounds hereinbefore set forth, but upon our sense of duty and loyalty to the brave men whose commissions we hold, who have faithfully stood by us in the hour of trial, and whose will is the only earthly authority we recognize. We cannot betray the sacred trust they have placed in our hands, a trust which is the cause of Christian civilization in the interests of the whole people of these islands.

SANFORD B. DOLE,
"Minister of Foreign Office."

THERE HAS BEEN NO VIOLENCE ON THE ISLAND.

President Dole Made Public on the Islands His Reply to Willis, as There Was a Great Deal of Pressure Brought to Bear.

San Francisco, Jan. 13.—The steamer City of Peking arrived here at 11 a. m. to-day, bringing the following Hawaiian advices:

Honolulu, Jan. 5.—The United States cutter Corwin took the last official advices hence. By the Warrimoo the demand of Minister Willis on the provisional government was forwarded to the President. Since then the government has decided that it was better to publish the reply of the Hawaiian government. Although at first refused to the press officially, it is now available. Every influence was brought to bear on President Dole to have the reply published sooner, but he refused and until the present nothing has leaked out. Perhaps next in importance to the demand and reply which have passed between the provisional and the United States governments is the new political force represented by the American League and the executive committee of the Annexation Club. The growing strength of the Radical party, which is now able to claim at least two-thirds of the American vote in Hawaii, is directed toward a large representation in government than was secured by it when the provisional authority was first established.

It having been announced that Vice-President Hatch would resign from the advisory council to accept the ministry of foreign affairs, a movement at once began to put Walter G. Smith, radical leader of the American movements in Hawaii, into the vacancy. Resolutions to that effect were passed by both the American league and the executive committee of the annexation club. In both instances these votes were unanimous. In the advisory council, however, some opposition was shown. Heretofore this body has been self-electing and self-perpetuating, and has quietly refused the demands made by the radical element. The radicals assert that the council has been conservative to a degree that endangers the future of popular government in Hawaii, and expect the present movement to be a protest against the further encroachments of corporations upon the popular government here.

The Conservative Element.

The position taken by the conservative element has served to arouse the radical party, and it is not unlikely that unless the backers of Mr. Smith are placated, serious political difference will arise between the present government and the Americans who are the support of the present movement for closer commercial relations with the United States. It is believed that the present differences may lead to a new distribution of places in the legislative branch of the government at the hands of the men who created the present government. The present differences have taken the form of a test of strength between the new political forces which have arisen in Hawaii since the demand of Minister Willis for the provisional government to step down and out.

Shall the Sugar Trust Rule.

As put by the radicals, it seems to be a question whether the corporations representing the sugar plantations shall rule the country or whether the government shall be carried out by a majority of the loyal citizens of Hawaii.

No real crisis has yet arisen, and should such arise it will probably be averted by a vacancy being created in the councils, which will be filled by a popular representative of the people.

In an interview held with Minister Thurston yesterday, he said:

"From many persons directly interested, Mr. Blount took the testimony of about sixty royalists and only twenty supporters of the provisional government; one out of four members of the executive council, three out of fourteen members of the advisory council, two out of thirteen members of the committee of safety, two out of three spenkers at the great mass meetings, one out of 22 line and staff officers engaged in the revolution, none of the Jones-Wilcox cabinet, in office two months preceding the downfull of the monarchy. But," added Mr. Thurston, in a significant manner, "he took all the testimony of the members of the Colburn cabinet at great length, who had been in office but three days."

The patriotic league has lately held a meeting of their executive committee at which long speeches were made and it was determined that a memorial should be sent to the President of the United States representing the feeling and attitude of the natives of aHwaii as represented by their leaders, relating to the present stand taken by the royalists of Hawaii.

In brief they claim that they have been falsely represented through the republican administration at Washington and that they are awaiting the action of the Democratic administration, in whom they have full confidence, they will stand upon their case as presented to Mr. Cleveland. They have determined to take no action at present, although they claim that, like the provisional government, they are prepared to go into the fight on moral grounds if not with arms, which they say have been wrested from them.

At a meeting held lately by the royalists determined that the main grounds upon which they stood were:

First—That the provisional government acquired land as royalists but at the dictation of Minister Stevens and the United States forces.

Second—That in any event they considered the whole matter must be referred to and settled at Washington.

Third—That in case of such determination the new monarchy was to be protected by the forces of the United States and that the Americans were to be disarmed within six months by the aid of the United States troops.

DID THEY BREAK FAITH?

Report That Willis Didn't Keep His Promise to President Dole.

San Francasco, Jan. 15.—From the statement of the Examiner's Honolulu correspondent, there is a prospect that United States officials either at Honolulu or in America, may have to answer to the charge of breaking faith with President Dole. It is said that Minister Willis grew impatient at Dole's delay in formulating his reply to Willis's demand of abdication, and urged greater haste, whereupon Dole called pon Willis and frankly admitted he did not propose to submit his reply until the arrival of a vessel upon which it could be dispatched with the departure of the Corwin, whereupon Willis agreed the Corwin should carry the dispatches of the provisional government. Dole then hurried forward his reply, and sent it to Willis, who dispatched the Corwin early next morning. It transpires no dispatches were delivered by the Corwin to Hawaiian representatives in America.

The Examiner's correspondent also says Liliuokalani's death from heart disease is liable to occur at ady moment. Smothering spells have come upon her with alarming frequency of late. Visitors are prohibited, and every precaution is taken to prevent excitement. Threats against her life have greatly conduced to her trouble.

IRON BRIDGE GIVES WAY.

Serious Accident at Williamsburg, Long Island.

Brooklyn, Jan. 13.—An iron bridge over Newtown creek, at Williamsburg, was the scene of a serious accident last night. Employes returning home from their work assembled at the entrance to the bridge, and waited for the open draw to close. There are two draws in the bridge. One draw was open to permit of the passage of several tugboats. The workmen, with their dinner pails in their hands, crowded each other as they awaited the opening of the gate, which would permit them to pass over the temporary structure which has been erected pending the completion of the iron bridge. Suddenly 60 men and boys rushed out on the bridge. They had scarcely gone 20 feet when the structure gave way, and every one of them was thrown headlong into the creek.

The water at this point is about nine feet deep. Those on the shore who saw the accident screamed and called to the captains of the towboats to come to the rescue of those who were struggling in the water. Planks were thrown out, and the crews of the boats jumped into the creek and saved many of those who could not swim. Six were drowned.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

GOV. F. D. JACKSON, OF IOWA.

The New Republican Executive Inaugurated.

Des Moines, Iowa, Jan. 11.—With fitting yet simple ceremony, Hon. Frank D. Jackson was inaugurated governor of Iowa yesterday afternoon, succeeding Hon. Horace Boles.

Governor Jackson in his inaugural address said:

"The stability as well as perpetuity of a republican form of government rests upon the intelligence of the common people. Poverty is the natural enemy of education and development. A republican form of government can not afford to have poverty fasten its clutches upon the masses of its people. Neither can the people of wealth in such a government afford it. That which most threatens the glory and progress of our country is the gradual forcing upon the millions of American laborers the schedule of pauper wages paid the laboring classes of the old world. Old world wages are not sufficient to enable an American laborer to properly clothe his family, educate his children, and make of them good American citizens. Anything less than this is a menace to the very foundation of our system of government.

"The schedule of wages referred to beget poverty, and poverty begets ignorance. Despotic forms of government can live and thrive with ignorance and poverty among the masses. This is impossible with a republican form of government like ours. A schedule of wages that enables the American laboring man to support his family respectably and to educate his children properly has been recognized as a national necessity during the greater part of our nation's existence. To maintain the American schedule

GOVERNOR JACKSON.

of wages in the future requires that the American people buy and use the products of the brain and muscle of the American laborer and producer, rather than those of other lands, even though they may cost a little more.

"Patriotism is an absolute necessity to the existence of a republican form of government. A patriotism that resents an insult to a nation's flag is highly commendable. A patriotism that furnishes half a million to protect the rights and liberties of even a few of its citizens under the flag wherever they may be, is indeed chivalrous and glorious.

"The patriotism of an American citizen should certainly be as broad and deep as this. It must be even broader and deeper. It must be a patriotism that shall insist that the purchasing power of a manufactured article shall be such an amount that the American laborer whose brain and muscle produced it, who lives under the same flag, who breathes the same air, and whose interest and welfare is the nation's interest and welfare, shall receive for the product of his brain and muscle such compensation as shall enable him to live as an American citizen ought to live, and to educate his children as American children must be educated. To accomplish this, those manufactured products of foreign countries which can be produced in our own country must be kept out of competition with American labor. This country can consume the products of the American laborer, but it cannot consume the products of both American and foreign labor.

"Which class of laborers, therefore, are to remain idle? The policy of our government for more than thirty years has been in favor of giving employment to the American laborer, and at the same time creating and upbuilding an American home market for the products of the American farmer. Under this policy the people of Iowa have advanced in wealth and prosperity. Shall this prosperity be continued or shall we adopt an experiment and try a change? Even on the anticipation of such a change has already brought disaster. It is asserted upon good authority that there are over two millions of idle laborers in this country to-day; and, upon equally good authority, it is stated that this idleness is due to the anticipated changes of the tariff laws of our country by a Congress hostile to the principles of protection. While the laboring millions of Europe are given the hope of finding a market in America without any corresponding benefits to our agricultural products, the charity of America is being taxed millions of dollars to keep her own unemployed laborers from starving. A much safer business policy would be for us to furnish employment to our own laborers, and thereby protect our American home market for American farm products, and tax our charity in behalf of the unemployed laborers of foreign countries.

DEMOCRATS AT HARRISBURG

Are Nominating a Dummy Candidate for Congressmen-at-Large.

Harrisburg, Pa., Jan. 10.—The state Democratic convention for the nomination of a candidate for Congressman at large was called to order shortly after 12 o'clock to-day by ex-Congressman Gillespie, of Mercer.

The platform endorsed the Chicago platform, and blamed the Republican minority for the present lack of business confidence and closing of factories. They renew their hearty expressions of confidence in the leadership and President Grover Cleveland.

B. R. Cotter, of McKean, presented the name of James Belton Hancock, of Franklin, for the nomination for Congressman-at-large. The nomination was seconded by Senator Wagner, of Cumberland. He was nominated by acclamation.

GETTING OUT THE FEMALE VOTE.

Hot Fight in Colorado Between the Temperance People and Antis.

Denver, Jan. 10.—A very strange political fight is being organized in this city. Ever since Colorado gave women the right of suffrage, the Woman's Christian Temperance association have been actively engaged in getting their members and sympathizers to register, for the purpose of fighting the liquor law and eventually making Colorado a prohibitory state.

To offset this power the German-American Veirein society are causing their women and friends to be registered to the number of over 2,000 during the past month. The fight promises to be bitter, with the chances for victory at present with the Germans.

WILL APPEAR JANUARY 27.

Decision About the California Midwinter Exposition.

San Francisco, Jan. 11.—The executive committee of the midwinter exposition has decided on the 27th inst. as the day for the formal opening.

The governor will be asked to make it a legal holiday, and preparations for the extraordinary event will be immdiately begun. It is the intention to have a grand street parade, and invitations will be extended to all bodies in the state to participate.

Minnesota Farmers' Alliance.

Minneapolis, Jan. 11.—The state Farmer's Alliance concluded its session by the re-election of Ignatius Donelly as president and an apparent smoothing over of the factional differences.

FOREIGN.

SPEEDY END OF THE TRIAL OF THE BOMBTHROWR.

The Guillotine Will Do a Worthy Deed Very Shortly—The Proceedings Only Lasted a Few Hours.

Paris, Jan. 10.—The trial of Auguste Vaillant, the anarchist, who, on December 9 last, threw a bomb which exploded in the Chamber of Deputies, was commenced to-day. Just previous to the trial a report was circulated that a bomb with a burned fuse was found outside the court.

The Palace of Justice, in which the trial took place, was surrounded by guards, and nobody was allowed to pass through their ranks unless presenting a pass or until their identity had been fully established. The court was thronged with people when Vaillant was brought in, at noon, closely guarded by policemen. The opening proceedings were of a purely formal nature.

VAILLANT.

Paris, Jan. 10.—At the conclusion of the proceedings to-day Vaillaint was sentenced to death.

Vaillant Awaiting Death.

Paris, Jan. 11.—Vaillant, the anarchist, who was sentenced to death yesterday in the Court of Assizes, was taken to-day to the prison of La Roquette, where, it is expected, he will be executed within the prison walls.

If Vaillant continues in his refusal to sign an appeal to the Court of Cessation, he will be executed in about ten days' time.

EXPLOSIONS IN RIO HARBOR.

Report That the Rebels Are Discouraged.

Rio de Janeiro, Jan. 12.—The explosion which took place at Fort Villegaignon is much more serious than at first supposed. First reports had it that a gun had exploded, and that several persons had been injured. It now appears that 15 men were killed by the explosion at the fort mentioned.

It also appears that the explosion on board of Admiral Da Gama's flagship, the Tamandare, was more serious than at first announced. Later reports say that six men were killed and eight wounded by the explosion. These two disasters to the rebels have had the effect of considerably disheartening them, and it is reported that they may cause a decided turn of the tide in favor of President Peixoto.

De Mello's Health.

Regarding the health of Admiral De Mello, there are two versions in circulation. According to one story, he is suffering from complaints which render him unfit to take command of the rebel operations.

According to another story, the rebel commander is enjoying the most robust health, and will personally conduct the attack on Rio de Janeiro.

Fired by Solar Heat.

Cape Town, Jan. 12.—Solar heat set fire to combustible matter in a field on the slope of Table Mountain this morning. The fire spread rapidly and is now burning over a large area. Several houses and valuable plantations have been destroyed.

It is announced at Berlin, upon fairly good authority, that the Russian delegates have agreed to the provisions of the German commercial treaty, and that the duration of the treaty, as agreed upon, is to be ten years.

The government has instructed General Martinez Campos, the commander at Melilla, to demand from the sultan that he pay an indemnity of $1,000,000, and assent to the establishment of a neutral zone 500 meters broad around the Spanish frontier at Melilla, in addition to the demands already published.

HOW CAPTAIN WILSON'S FORCE WAS CUT DOWN.

They Fought With Great Bravery and Sold Their Lives Dearly, but Were Overcome by Superior Force—Brutality of the Natives.

Cape Town, Jan. 13.—Details of the massacre of Capt. Wilson's party by the Matabeles were received here to-day. The news from Bulwayo shows that Capt. Wilson and his men made a hard fight and died gallantly fighting to the last. According to the Bulwayo advices, some natives who arrived there in order to surrender their arms and make terms with the British commander, admit that they were present when the Wilson detachment was destroyed.

These natives say that Capt. Wilson, who was in pursuit of King Lobengula, suddenly came upon a strong detachment of Matabeles, headed by the king himself. The latter was about to mount a horse and fly before the British advance, but when the information was conveyed to the king that the Wilson party was few in number, some reports placing the detachment at only 40 British troopers and a hundred or so of auxiliaries, the king managed to get the Matabeles to make a stand and prepare to take the small British force in a trap. Instructing the center of his force to continue retreating before the British troopers, who were pressing their horses onward through the Matabele ranks in the hope of capturing the king, the right and left flanks of the Matabele Impis were instructed to deploy to the left, and then to gradually to converge inward, so as to take the British force on both flanks and in the rear.

Then began a gallant fight to the death. From behind their dead horses the British troopers kept up a continual fire from their carbines upon the steadily advancing Matabeles, and when their carbines were no longer of use, owing to the proximity of the savage enemy, they drew their revolvers and awaited the last rush of the natives. It was not long delayed, and then followed a brief hand to hand conflict, during which sword and revolver met assegai and club, only to be swept down beneath the onward rush of overwhelming numbers and thus, beneath a shower of assegais the troopers, fighting gallantly to the last and firing even when upon their knees and dying, met their death.

During the latter part of the stand made by the troopers against the Matabeles, not a man of the British force was unwounded and some of them had received at least a dozen wounds. After all resistance had been overcome, the triumphant natives stripped the troopers of every shred of clothing and mutilated the bodies in a horrible manner.

TERRIBLE SCENE AT NINGHPOO.

Over Three Hundred Lives Lost in a Fire.

San Francisco, Jan. 15.—The Pacific Mail steamship City of Peking brought details from Ninghpoo of one of the most terrible fires on record, which occurred in the big temple in that city December 8, and caused the death of nearly 300 women and children. The annual theatrical performance in honor of the gods was being given in the temple. A boy threw a lighted cigarette into a heap of straw, which blazed up, and the burning staircase prevented the people getting out.

There was a general rush to escape; some were trampled to death, others jumped out of the windows, and were either killed or so badly injured they were unable to escape the flames, and so perished, while others passively awaited their fate, which was not long in overtaking them, as they were roasted alive or suffocated by the smoke.

The Central Evangelical Board of Germany has issued an address protesting against the readmission of the Jesuits into Germany.

The customary prayer in Russian churches on Christmas day anathematizing the French for the invasion of 1812, was omitted at that time this year, owing to the cordial manner in which the Russian sailors were recently received in France.

A dispatch to the London Times from Calcutta says that the government's refusal to indicate its intentions with regard to silver has caused a general disappointment, and an unfavorable influence upon exchange which, for the first time in many months, has fallen below 1sd. The silence of the financial authorities is incomprehensible. The situation meanwhile is becoming gloomier daily and the most difficult and complicated situation will have to be confronted soon.

THIS IS McKINLEY'S KNIFE; Cutters' wages, 83 per day. Cut down wages and our price will fall.

7-in. Steel Shears and this Knife, $1, post-paid. Cut to exact size; price, like blades equal any $2 razor. To McKinley men our price is only $1 per pair, post-paid. Lady's 2-blade pearl handled knife, 50c. Gents' 2-blade, 48c. Use a postal.

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Every Machine Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction or Money Refunded.

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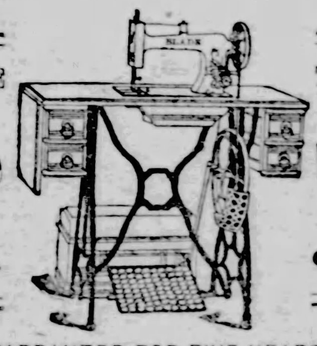

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HIGHLY FINISHED. DOES PERFECT WORK

It is adapted for every kind of sewing from the lightest muslins to the heaviest cloth and a wide range of work, Hemming, Tucking, Cording, Quilting, Gathering in all kinds of Goodrich's attachments in a plush-lined box given with every machine. The simplicity of the automatic tension, sewing from No. 6 to 300 thread without altering, recommends it not only to every beginner, but to ALL. An automatic bobbin winder, run independent of the machine, winds a bobbin as regular and as hard as any spool of thread, thus making it carry so much more thread than the ordinary wound bobbins.

A touch upon a lever lengthens or shortens the stitch at will while the machine is sewing.

The woodwork of this machine is either black walnut or antique oak. Subscribers may name their choice.

We guarantee this machine to be even better than the BLADE Sewing Machine of three years ago. It is built on entire new and improved principles, and is far in advance of the regular sewing machines now on the market. It is $4.00 cheaper than any sewing machine now offered with newspaper subscriptions, AND WORTH DOUBLE. Each machine is in perfect working order when shipped, and is accompanied with printed instructions and a complete set of tools and attachments. Also a five year warranty. If it does not prove perfect or as represented, ship it back and we will refund your money.

Every machine will be shipped by freight unless otherwise directed, and we are prepared to fill orders promptly. Remember, the purchaser pays the freight when received. We can not prepay freight. Be careful to give your shipping address very plainly, as well as your postoffice address.

As stated above, on receipt of $18.00, we will send to any address the WEEKLY BLADE one year, and ship by freight one of these elegant sewing machines. But now comes a very

REMARKABLE OFFER.

We will present one of these sewing machines FREE to any person who will send us $36.00 for 20 yearly subscribers to the WEEKLY BLADE. We will not require the whole club at one time either. You may send us five subscribers at a time at one dollar each, and when you have seen six such clubs the machine is yours and will be shipped. Simply number your list from one to thirty as fast as you send the names, and say in your letter that it is an instalment of names for the sewing machine premium. We shall expect the list to be completed within thirty days of the time you send the first list. Any member of an intelligent family can raise a club of thirty for the WEEKLY BLADE inside of two weeks. On these terms a

WASHINGTON.

THE TARIFF DEBATE.

TOM JOHNSON, FREE TRADER,

He Accuses the President of Lack of Nerve.

Washington, Jan. 10.—Mr. Boutelle again tried to-day to have considered by the House his Hawaiian resolution, which was reported by the naval affairs committee and laid on the table, but was finally overruled by the speaker.

Mr. Hopkins then concluded his speech against the Wilson bill, begun yesterday. Mr. Tom L. Johnson, the Ohio free trader and single tax advocate, followed with a speech, in which he spoke in a startling manner from the outset.

"We, of the the Democratic party," he said, "went before this country in 1892, asserting that the existing tariff was wrong in principle and unpust in operation, declaring the policy of protection a fraud and robbery, charging it with creating trusts, stifling commerce, throttling industry, causing enforced idleness, lessening wages, impoverishing labor and creating a few monstrous fortunes, and pledging ourselves to abolish it if the American people gave us authority.

"They did give us authority, and then—our haste to repeal oppressive taxes subsided, and instead of flying at the throats of protected barons and robber trusts, the great Democratic party began, as it were, to wag its tail and look for crumbs.

"It was the duty of a party coming into power on such pledges and at such a conjuncture, to have proceeded without a moment's delay to the radical revision of the tariff. If Mr. Cleveland had shown the sagacity and the courage the situation demanded, the ink would not have been dry on the commissions of his secretaries until Congress would have been called into extra session to relieve the country of its burden of taxation. But instead of that, we proceeded to rest on our laurels and divide the spoils, and the nation was treated to the spectacle of a President and Congress having power to remove crushing burdens, devoting their energies to the discussion of personal claims to petty places.

"And as the climax of all this delay come the shameful days we have just passed through, in which the House has stood paralyzed because, despite our overwhelming majority, we Democrats would neither furnish a quorum to be counted, nor count the one that was really present. It is not merely that we have yet done nothing. It is that we have done nothing where we had promised much.

"The worst possible situation of business is not that of a high tariff, but that of a high tariff threatened with certain but indefinite reductions. This is the situation our delay has for nearly a year imposed on the country. Up to the present, thanks to our our inaction, the victory of the Democratic party in November, 1893, has worked evil for good. The McKinley tariff still exerts its strangling power, and worse than the McKinley tariff is the depressing effect of the uncertainty as to what tariff will succeed it.

He commended the bill for the blow at the sugar trust. But he added the whisky trust and the steel trust, the cordage trust and the bicycle trust, the lead trust and the starch trust, in short the whole brood of vampires which rob the poor people through the agency of the government by means of the tariff are left free to plack the tariff-bound American consumer. He has no lobby to represent him; he has only his Congressmen.

Wheat would bring more to the grower, and labor would bring more to the laborer, and the masses of our people would want and could pay for more manufactured goods. You cannot depress industry and impoverish labor by remitting taxes; that is done by imposing taxes."

The bill he would pass, he said, would consist of but three sections:

"Section 1—All import duties and corresponding internal revenue duties are hereby abolished, and all officials engaged in collecting such duties are hereby discharged.

"Section 2—The secretary of the treasury is hereby directed to sell all custom houses and revenue cutters, and pay the proceeds into the treasury.

Section 3—This act shall take effect immediately. Such a bill would excite no more protectionist opposition than this poor, timid little Wilson bill. But it would not be sneered at and it would arouse a mighty support that this bill cannot get."

Hon. John Dalzell Replies.

Mr. Dalzell followed Mr. Johnson in a stirring speech against the Wilson bill. Among other things he said:

"The election of 1892, which resulted in the ascendancy in all branches of the government of Democratic party, had no sooner occurred than a crisis ensued, amongst the most appalling in our economic history. All our industries suffered immediate collapse, trade, foreign and domestic became paralyzed, the ghost of distrust stalked threatening in all the avenues of commerce, and fear fell on all men rich and poor alike. As a people we walk to-day in the valley of desolation.

"Furnace fires have gone out and fires upon humble hearthstones as well, while throughout all our borders factory and workshop and the various implements and appliances of industry remain idle and unused.

"In the few months that the dominant party has held the reins of government it has proved itself conspicuously incompetent to deal with a single important question presented by the responsibilities of civil administration.

"The executive, with an ignorance of the limitations of his office, inexcusable in an intelligent American citizen has usurped the functions of Congress, not to meet any exigency, or for any justifiable end, but to undertake and miserably fail, in a foreign policy which would be grotesque if it were not contemptible.

"In this deplorable condition of things, clouds and darkness all around us, what do those who rule our destinies propose by way of relief?

"A tariff bill that if enacted, I predict posterity will pronounce the most infamous legislative crime of our history. Instead of relief, it brings aggravation. To the manufacturer whose idle capital is bringing him no returns, whose plant disused, is depreciating, whose income has been sadly narrowed or entirely cut off, it offers the deceptive lure of free trade materials and the ignis fatuus of the world's markets, while it strips him of the ability to compete in any market and be just to his employes.

"To the farmer it offers instead of protection an enlarged competition from abroad in the products of his farm; instead of a vast and growing home market, a market abroad in which his increased surplus cannot but degrade prices.

"To the cry of the laboring men clamoring for work at American wage rates, to the end that he, his wife and his children shall live like Americans, its brutal answer is lower wages or war with your employer. And, for the empty American treasury, depleted beyond the power to meet current expenses, what relief?

"Oh, shame to tell it. Further depletion by reducing national revenues by from 70 to 100 million dollars per annum. To be made up how?

"By an issue of bonds in time of peace; by laying on the backs of the American people, now of all times least able to bear them, direct taxes never heretofore in all our experience sought to be justified, save amid the roar of cannon and the clash of arms.

"If this bill, instead of being a monstrosity, were wise in its provisions, its enactment at this time would be unwise. Under the most favorable circumstances, even in prosperous times, a revision of our tariff laws inevitably unsettles business, and requires a general readjustment to meet new conditions.

"There is not a single industry in which we compete with our fellows across the seas in which our laborers do not reap richer rewards than their fellow toilers abroad. Read the testimony of these men asking us for fair play, before the ways and means committee, and then read the schedules of this bill and you cannot fail of the conviction that the subject you are dealing with to-day is in the last analysis the subject of American labor."

POWERFUL ATTACK ON THE BILL BY GOVERNOR DINGLEY,

Who is One of the Best Informed Tariff Men in the Country—Facts and Figures.

Washington, Jan. 11.—Congressman W. C. P. Breckinridge opened the debate this morning with an ancient argument in favor of the Wilson bill. Gov. Dingley answered.

Mr. Dingley, of Maine, said that the pending tariff bill purports to be a bill to provide revenue. It is in fact a bill to abolish revenue.

The Democratic majority who have reported it, have been accustomed to charge that the Republican tariffs ignore revenue in order to protect home industries. They present a so-called revenue bill as a substitute which ignores revenue in order to destroy protection. The revenue bill would yield seventy-six millions less than the tariff of 1890. This large surrender of revenue is to be made, too, at a time when there is a deficit of thirty-eight millions in the first half of the present fiscal year, which will be increased to more than sixty by July next caused by the distrust induced by the apprehension of the revolutionary tariff changes proposed; and when the secretary of the treasury informs Congress that if the present revenue laws are unchanged there will be sufficient revenue for the next fiscal year, just as there was in the fiscal years 1892 and 1893. In short, the proposed tariff is not a bill for revenue only, but for a deficiency only.

"The excuse given for such a surrender of needed revenue is the alleged necessity for reducing the taxation oft he masses. What, then are the articles on which it is proposed to surrender revenue and reduce taxation?

"I find a surrender of about fourteen millions in duties on imported liquors, Havana and other foreign cigars and leaf tobacco, silks and laces and embroideries, kid gloves, ostrich feathers, etc., articles of luxury or voluntary use consumed mainly by the well-to-do. The poor people must be greatly relieved at such reductions.

"Of the twenty-two millions of revenue surrendered in reduced duties on imported manufactures of wool, more than half is on fine goods, consumed by men of means, who want something 'English, you know,' and who are willing to pay for it. The same is true of half of the three millions of revenue surrendered on imported fine cottons and many other goods.

"Not far from thirty millions of duties are surrendered on imported luxuries or articles of voluntary use.

"Then about six millions of revenue is surrendered by a reduction of the duty on tin plate, one cent per pound, which is now in large part practically paid by the Welsh manufacturer. This is shown by the fact that when the duty on tin plate was raised one and two-tenths cent per pound by the tariff of 1890, and the tin plate industry established here by that protection, the Welsh manufacturers so far reduced their price to hold our markets that tin plate did not advance here a quarter of a cent a pound above the average price from 1883 to 1891. In this case it was clearly the foreigner that practically paid nearly all the 'tax.'

"This is also true of hundreds of other articles, where the foreigner reduces his price to meet protective duties and hold our markets.

Lumber and many agricultural products are placed on the free list, and Canada will pocket the duties which we surrender. Indeed, by a reciprocal treaty, we could have obtained important compensation from Canada, which we now propose to give away.

The President and the majority of the committee tell us that a part and ultimately all of the revenue surrendered will come back in new revenue from increased importations brought in by later rates of duty. Inasmuch as the reduced duties are mainly on imported articles we can produce or make for ourselves, and it will require an increase of importations to the extent of $250,000,000 to make up lost revenue, this is a pleasing feature to which our Democratic friends invite the country. No wonder mills are closing, wages going down, and business paralyzed on such a prospect, this wreck of industries on the ground that the protection "policy under which they have been built up is robbery." And yet the Democratic majority claim that they have continued the "robbery" in many cases, showing favoritism, it is true, and favoritism generally to such, as had a Democratic backing. Rye for example is protected by 83 per cent. duty, but many Northern farm products put on the free list.

In spite of conspicuous exceptions, the general policy of the bill is to so far reduce duties as to encourage importations of foreign goods, with the purpose of making further reductions in the future. The object is to overthrow protective duties on the assumption, that they are a tax in which increases the cost to the consumer of domestic products.

It is only a year since the result of the elections of 1892 foreshadowing a revolutionary change in this policy first began to cause distrust, which has increased from month to month, until industries and business are disordered, paralyzed, opportunities for employment narrowed and reduced. Will the remonstrance of the people in the recent elections, the remonstrances coming in from workingmen in all parts of the country be heeded?

Washington, Jan. 12.—Mr. Pendleton (Dem., West Virginia) followed Mr. Black (Dem., Georgia), who spoke after Mr. Everett. Coming from the territory protesting against placing coal on the free list, Mr. Pendleton's speech was especially significant. He denounced those of his party who now shirked the responsibility of reform in the tariff, and who wanted to hold back in the traces.

Mr. Payne, of New York, one of the Republican members of the Ways and Means committee, then spoke on the bill.

GENERAL GROSVENOR TALKS.

He Shows the Inconsistency and Great Harm of the Bill.

Washington, Jan. 13.—(Special.)—Gen. C. H. Grosvenor, of Ohio, addressed the House on the Wilson bill this morning:

Mr. Grosvenor's Argument.

Mr. Grosvenor (Rep. O.,) said that in time of profound peace the Democratic party found itself unable to carry on the government. It was not possible, as appears from the reports, to improve the rivers and harbors of the country; to build any additional ships; to promote or improve the postal service, to build any public buildings for the accommodation of the people of the public at large or to in any way support and maintain the dignity of the country. Pensions are to be suspended and reduced for lack of the financial ability of the government. The expense of the courts and jury were to be curtailed and in every way the United States was to be disgraced and degraded in the estimation of its own people and the people of foreign countries.

The secretary of the treasury admitted that under the existing laws there is a treasury balance of the wrong side of the ledger at least $5,000,000 per month and now the Democratic party brought in a revenue bill proposing to pile the pelion of a reduction of revenues of $75,000,000 upon the ossa of a treasury deficit of $60,000,000 and ultimately to pile pelion and ossa on the olympus of party fealty, but how to raise this $135,000,000 no man intimates, no two agree.

He could understand how a man might be a free trader, and absolute free trader like the unique and versatile gentleman from Ohio, Mr. Johnson, and he could understand how a man might be strictly in favor of a tariff for revenue only, but how any sane man could be in favor of a bill to decrease the revenue $75,000,000 was beyond his comprehension.

Democrats defended the bill in two ways. First they say it was voted for in 1892, forgetting that the same people in 1893 by over-whelming majority repudiated the whole argument of the Democratic party and voted by larger majorities upon the same issues against the Democratic party. He pointed out that in the state of Ohio the issue of tariff for revenue on the one hand and the McKinley bill on the other, were the sole issues of importance in that great battle and the author of the McKinley bill was triumphantly elected governor of Ohio over the author of the Democratic platform at Chicago by a majority of 81,000.

The second defense of the Democratic party was that these hard times are not caused by the threat of the Democratic party. In reply he gave a vivid description of the distress of the country claiming that never in all the history of the country were there so many failures as during the last year; that calamities were caused by Republican legislation why did they not happen before 1893?

He closed his speech by a strong eulogy of the McKinley law. He declared that it was the wisest law the wit of man had ever devised for the collection of revenue; that the name and fame of the author and of the great party that enacted it into law would survive when tariff tinkering by personal doctrinaries should cease to be a profitable political employment.

In the course of his speech, Gen. Grosvenor exhibited to the House a quantity of English clogs and working suits, such as the poorly-paid laborers of England wear. The contrast between these clothes and the shoddy overcoat exhibited by Congressman Simpson during his speech yesterday was so great, and the clothes so much worse, that the House, especially the Republicans, went wild with applause.

Mr. Bryans followed in an argument on the same line as Mr. Wilson's speech in opening the debate.

DEMOCRATIC MEMBERS MUST STAY IN THE HOUSE

And Vote Down All Amendments—Orders Issued by Professor Wilson, Leader of the Democratic Majority.

Washington, Jan. 15.—The real work on the tariff bill will commence to-day when the bill will be read by sections and be open to amendment under the five-minute rule. From now on the bill will be in constant danger of amendment, and those Democratic leaders who have urged upon all their colleagues the absolute necessity of their continual presence until the final vote is taken. Chairman Wilson said to an Associated Press reporter last night:

"It is of the utmost importance that every Democratic member be present in the House from this time until the passage of the tariff bill. Thus far the discussion has been limited to general debate, but from this time forward the actual voting on amendments will proceed from day to day. It will be necessary to maintain a quorum, the absence at any time of a sufficient number for a vote might involve the loss of a day or two in the consideration of the bill. What is of more consequence, is that the amending of the bill should be made while the friends of the measure and the majority of the House are present to express their preferences.

Income Tax Not Included.

The fact that the proposition is not included in the bill will, it is thought, strengthen the attempt to remove the sugar bounty, and substitute instead a duty of one cent on sugar. Should this be done, it will raise $36,000,000 of revenue and save $10,000,000 of sugar bounty, and remove the necessity for and probably kill the income tax proposition, which is now the purpose of the committee to present later with the internal revenue bill. It is not believed that the attempts to restore a portion of the duty on coal, iron ore, lumber and other raw materials placed on the free list the bill will be successful.

According to a careful canvass of the House made by the friends of the measure, it would seem that this particular opposition lacks both cohesion and the numerical strength to carry the amendments through.

Won't Vote a Sugar Tariff.

The great difficulty in the way of modification of the bill in this particular, however, should it develop great strength on the Democratic side, is that the Republicans will not vote to restore a duty on sugar which was placed on the free list by the McKinley law.

"WHY DON'T YOUR CONSTITUENTS TAKE THE MEDICINE

Which They Voted for When They Elected You to Congress?" Said Mr. Marsh to a Kicker.

Washington, Jan. 16.—The consideration of the tariff debate under the five minute rule was begun yesterday.

Only three amendments were disposed of, none of material importance. The attempt of Messrs. DeForest and Sperry, (Democrats, Connecticut), to secure the adoption of an amendment increasing the duty on Sumatra cigar wrappers to the present rates, was defeated.

The debate concluded with a brilliant tilt between Mr. Cockran and Mr. Reed.

The reading of the tariff bill consumed over two hours. At its conclusion a row took place over the question of procedure. Wilson wanted the schedules taken up in the order in which they occur for three days. Reed, as leader of the opposition, pointed out the impracticability of such a plan, and wanted time limitation removed from the debate.

At this point Mr. Bynum called for the regular order, and the chair recognized Mr. Wilson, who offered the first committee amendment by striking out in the tobacco schedule the words "commercially known," in the description of wrapper tobacco. He explained that the amendment was desirable to prevent incorrect interpretation at the custom house. This amendment precipitated a fierce discussion.

The Republicans Fighting.

The Republicans under the lead of Mr. Burrows, then made a fight for the privilege of offering amendments.

Mr. Morse's amendment was voted down, and Mr. Wilson's agreed to. Mr. Wilson's next amendment was to the cotton schedule, to include cotton duck in its provisions.

After some debate, this was agreed to, and Mr. Wilson then offered an amendment to add to the free list sweat leathers, binding ribbons, cut felt, etc., for hat trimmings. The present duty, he said, was 30 per cent.

Mr. Coombs, (Dem.) N.Y.), stated that this class of material was not manufacutred in this country. Mr. Payne (Rep. N. Y.), stated that this was probably a sop to the hat manufacturers of New York. This led to a wordy duel between Mr. Reed and Mr. Cockran.

The hour of 5:30 having arrived, the last amendment of Mr. Wilson was agreed to, and a recess was taken until 8 o'clock.

At the night session, Mr. Power (Rep. Vermont), opposed the bill, and Mr. Boen (Pop. Neb.), and Mr. Hudson (Pop. Kansas), supported the bill.

At 10:20 p. m. the House adjourned.

Chairman Wilson and his associates on the Ways and Means committee have received copies of the first answers sent to Senator Voorhees, chairman of the Finance committee of the Senate in response to his recent letters to manufacturers, requesting their views on the tariff revision. The answers are made by Martin Kalbfleisch Sons Co., having chemical plants at Brooklyn, Buffalo, and Bayonne, N. J., with a capital invested of $1,500,000. In a letter accompanying the reply they say they happen to be Democrats and in full sympathy with the Democratic party, but say that the reductions of the Wilson bill would mean disaster to their business.

THE SENATE MUST COME TO HIS RESCUE,

Or the Administration Will Go Ahead and Issue Bonds on Their Present Authority.

Washington, Jan. 16.—Secretary Carlisle has written a letter to Senator Voorhees, in which he makes a statement of the condition of the treasury, and points out the necessity of measures being taken for its relief. He says that the time of the House has been assigned to the tariff bill until the 29th inst., and for this reason he appeals to the Senator to take the initiative in a measure to replenish the treasury. He adds that if prompt action is not taken by Congress, it will be necessary for him to issue bonds under existing laws.

The Bill Referred To.

The bill, which is referred to in the foregoing letter and which he referred to, is as follows:

An act to amend section 3, of "An act to provide for resumption of specie payments. approved January 14, 1875." Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, that section 3 of "An act to provide for resumption of specie payments," approved January 14, 1875, be, and the same is hereby so amended that in lieu of the descriptions of bonds therein described, the secretary of the treasury is hereby authorized to issue from time to time as he may deem necessary, and in such form as he may prescribe, coupon or registered bonds of the United States in denominations of $25 and multiples thereof, redeemable in coin at the pleasure of the United States after —— years after date, bearing interest at a rate not exceeding 3 per cent. per annum, payable quarterly in coin and to sell the same at not less than par in coin; and the proceeds of such bonds shall be held and used to maintain the parity of all forms of money coined or issued by the United States, but the secretary of the treasury is hereby authorized to use from time to time such part of such proceeds as may be necessary to supply deficiencies in the public revenues during the fiscal year 1894.

Section 2—A sum sufficient to carry the provisions of this act into effect is hereby appropriated out of any money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated.

THE END OF HORNBLOWER.

Cleveland's First Judicial Appointment Turned Down.

Washington, Jan. 16.—The legislative session of the Senate yesterday was short and uneventful, nearly the whole day being devoted to excutive session in consideration of the Hornblower nomination. The morning hour was consumed by the introduction of petitions and bills.

In executive session Senator Hill opened the fight against the confirmation of Hornblower for associate justice of the Supreme court, and Senator Vilas, of Wisconsin, the only Democratic member of the judiciary committee who supported Mr. Hornblower, in the committee room, made a strong appeal for confirmation. After a general discussion lasting throughout the afternoon, Hornblower's nomination was rejected by a majority of six.

FIFTY-THIRD CONGRESS.

Washington, Jan. 10.—Yesterday was a field day for the tariff in the House. Hon. Julius C. Burrows, Republican, of Michigan, opened the debate for the Republicans with a magnificent arraignment of the Wilson bill. He was followed by Gen. John C. Black, Democrat, of Illinois, who was pension commissioner under the first Cleveland administration. He supported the Wilson bill. He was answered by his younger colleague, that aggressive Republican, Mr. Hopkins, of Illinois, who is one of the minority on the Ways and Means committee. At the evening session Mr. Haines (Rep.) of New York, made a lift by presenting a petition against the collar and cuff schedule signed by 67,000 people in New York state alone.

In the Senate no business of importance was transacted. Senator Gray, (Dem.) of Delaware, called up the federal elections bill, but as no one was ready to address the Senate on the subject until Monday, Mr. Gray said that he would then call it up and insist on consideration until it was disposed of. Senator Chandler, (Rep.) of New Hampshire, offered a resolution and asked for its immediate consideration, declaring the appointment of Blount to be unauthorized and contrary to the constitution. Senator Sherman, (Rep.) of Ohio, thought that it should go to the committee on Foreign Relations, so Mr. Chandler did not press it.

Washington, Dec. 11.—The third day of the tariff debate in the House was entivened by a sensational speech by Mr. Tom L. Johnson, of Ohio, the free trader and single tax advocate, who claims, with Hon. Lawrence T. Neal, late Democratic candidate for governor of Ohio, the joint authorship of the tariff plank in the Chicago platform. He boldly attacked the Democrats for the timid manner in which they had handled the tariff question, and charged them with cowardice all along the line. Mr. Dalzell, of Pittsburg, made a brilliant speech in defense of the tariff, dwelling particularly on the iron and steel interests. Messrs. Woomer (Rep.), of Pennsylvania, and Coombs (Dem.), of New York, were the other speakers.

Mr. Cummings, chairman of the committee on naval affairs, asked unanimous consent for considering a resolution, reported back from the naval committee, calling on the secretary of the Navy for copies of all orders and communications which pertain to officers and ships of the United States navy under the control of commissioner Blount, a civilian, who had not been confirmed by the Senate. The principal event in the Senate Yesterday was the speech of Senator Davis, of Minnesota, in support of the policy of non-intervention in Hawaiian affairs. The Senator plainly expressed himself as in favor of the annexation of Hawaii, and declared that to finally be the manifest destiny of the Hawaiian islands. It had for 40 years been recognized as inevitable by every American minister to Hawaii, and no foreign government objected to this plan when consummated under favorable circumstances and conditions. Senator Hale, of Maine, reported from the committee on naval affairs with an amendment to the House resolution providing for the investigation and consideration of all matters relating to the personnel of the navy. The Senate amendment provided that the inquiry shall be made by sub-committees of the committee on Naval Affairs of the House and Senate instead of by a joint commission of the two bodies. The resolution was amended and agreed to.

Washington, Jan. 12.—The House was occupied with the consideration of the Wilson bill. Gov. Dingley, of Maine, spoke against it. Congressman Jerry Simpson, of Medicine Lodge, Kas., the Populist leader, made a highly sensational speech in favor of the measure. He exhibited to the House a cheap overcoat which he had purchased from a farmer on market space, to show how poorly off they were. He announced himself for absolute free trade.

Washington, Jan. 12.—Save for a recess of two hours, there was an uninterrupted flow of tariff oratory in the House again yesterday, from 11 o'clock in the morning until 10:30 at night. Interest in the debate is beginning to flag a little. The principal speeches yesterday were those of Mr. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, Mr. Springer, of Illinois, Mr. Dingley, of Maine, and Mr. Harter, of Ohio.

In the evening, Messrs. Cockrell, (Dem.) of Missouri, and Maguire, (Dem.) of California, addressed the House in favor of the bill.

The Hawaiian controversy consumed almost the whole time in the Senate yesterday. Senator Davis, of Minnesota, concluded his speech in opposition to the policy of the present administration, and was particularly emphatic in opposition to the act of the President in commissioning Mr. Blount to Hawaii and clothing him with plenary powers, even to the extent of control of the naval forces, without such an appointment having been confirmed by the Senate.

Senator Turpie made an hour's speech that was full of surprises. It was a strong legal argument, based on international and diplomatic law, and took the position that the provisional government having been once recognized by the United States and the civilized world, it was a fact accomplished, and recognition could not be withdrawn.

Washington, Jan. 13.—This was the last day of general debate on the Wilson bill. Gen. Grosvenor opened the day with a powerful attack on the measure before the House. He exhibited a cheap woolen suit, such as is worn by the poorer operatives in England, to show how badly off they are. Bourke Cockran closed with an eloquent and brilliant defense of the Democratic low tariff policy. The Senate was not in session to-day.

Washington, Jan. 16.—The Wilson bill was taken up by sections for the first time yesterday, and debate continued under the five minute rule. Chairman Wilson offered an amendment from the Ways and Means committee in regard to the wording in the tobacco schedule, which is principally a technical change. It was adopted without a division. Other amendments were offered by Republicans but were voted down by the majority. The Republicans subjected the Democrats to a harassing fire of criticism which had great effect on account of the doubtful position of some of the Democratic representatives of manufacturing districts. This was directed praticularly to the Connecticut Congressmen who are violently opposed to the tobacco schedule. Most of the time of the Senate was taken up in executive session. The nomination of William B. Hornblower, of New York, to succeed the late Justice Blatchford, of the Supreme court, was the subject of discussion. Senator Hill, of New York, led the attack on Hornblower, and Senator Vilas, of Wisconsin, defended him. The nomination was finally rejected by a majority of seven.

THIS CURIOUS THING

MAGNIFIED.

Is a Sweat or Excretory Gland.
Its mouth is called a Pore.
There are 7,000,000 in the human skin.
Through them are discharged many impurities.
To close them means death.
Sluggish or clogged pores mean yellow, mothy skin, pimples, blotches, eczema.
The blood becomes impure.
Hence serious blood humors.
Perfect action of the pores
Means clear, wholesome skin,
Means pure blood,
Means beauty and health.

Cuticura Resolvent

Exerts a peculiar, purifying action upon the skin, and through it upon the blood.
Hence its cures of distressing humors are speedy, permanent and economical.
Like all of the CUTICURAS, it is pure, sweet, gentle, and effective. Mothers are its warmest friends.

Sold everywhere. Price, $1. POTTER DRUG & CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston.

THE VACANT SENATORSHIPS.

They Are to be Filled Before the Wilson Bill is Reached.

Washington, Jan. 11.—(Special.)—A strong effort is to be made to get the vacant seats in the Senate filled before the tariff bill is taken up, or at least before it is finally voted on.

The three states which are now represented by only one Senator each are Washington, Wyoming and Montana. In each of these cases it will be remembered the legislatures of the states during the entire period of their legal term balloted for Senators, but were unable to agree, and were unable to make an election, owing to the fact that there were three parties. Then the governors appointed men, and they came here and were rejected by the Senate upon the grounds that since the legislatures had deliberately neglected to elect, although they were in session for that purpose, the constitution does not recognize any right of a governor to appoint under those circumstances. So the citizens of those states are anxious now that the tariff fight is to be a close one, to have a full representation, and the right of being heard and having their proper say in determining the tariff question. The tariff bill may get to the Senate by the first of February, but even if it does, it will not make the rapid progress there that is proposed by the railroading process which the House committee on rules has suggested in that body. There is no way of rushing it in the Senate.

THE TELEPHONE PATENT.

Part of It Expires on January 30, but There Are Several Left.

Washington, Jan. 13.—The patent of the electric telegraph here in the Bell telephone patents will expire January 30. This is one of the most important patents which will expire during the year.

It was filed January 15, 1887, and was the 186,787th patent issued. The patent was involved in one of the cases decided in the famous telephone suits before the October term of the United States Supreme court in 1887, at which it was held to be a valid patent.

TO ADMIT ALL TERRITORIES.

The Republican Committee Passes Such a Resolution.

Washington, Jan. 12.—The principal business accomplished at to-day's session of the executive committee of the National Republican committee, was the adoption of two resolutions.

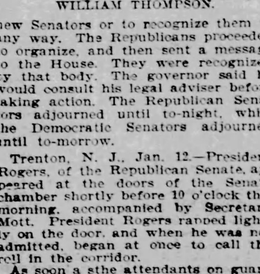
The first demands the admission of Utah to statehood, and the other favors the admission of all the territories to statehood.

TWO SENATES IN NEW JERSEY.

Republicans and Democrats Have Each Got an Upper Body.

Trenton, N. J., Jan. 10.—Affairs here reached a critical stage to-day, and the governor, as a precautionary measure, ordered a detachment of police to the state house to preserve order. The police captain in charge of the men went at once to the governor's private room and received his instructions direct from that executive.

At 3 o'clock the Republicans marched to the Senate with a band at their head to the tune of "Marching



JAMES A. BRADLEY.

Through Georgia." Secretary Thompson reported thirteen present, and in fact only nine were present; the nine Democratic hold-overs. There was great commotion outside the hall when the Republican Senators rapped at the door for admittance. The sergeant-at-arms demanded the names of those rapping. After some parleying the doors were opened, and all the Senators were admitted and took their seats.

Chairman Adrian instructed the secretary to call the roll, and said that he came to see the House organized in the regular way. He, however, refused to accept the credentials of the

WILLIAM THOMPSON.

new Senators or to recognize them in any way. The Republicans proceeded to organize, and then sent a message to the House. They were recognized by that body. The governor said he would consult his legal adviser before taking action. The Republican Senators adjourned until to-night, while the Democratic Senators adjourned until to-morrow.

Trenton, N. J., Jan. 12.—President Rogers, of the Republican Senate, appeared at the doors of the Senate chamber shortly before 10 o'clock this morning, accompanied by Secretary Mott. President Rogers rapped lightly on the door, and when he was not admitted, began at once to call the roll in the corridor.

As soon a sthe attendants on guard within heard this, they opened the door, and the president and secretary walked in. Objection was raised to the presence of Secretary Mott, but he insisted on remaining.

President Rogers took the chair and Secretary Mott called the roll. The Republican Senate was then declared adjourned, in the absence of a quorum, until Monday evening.

WILL BE SENATOR GEAR.

The Man Nominated to Succeed James F. Wilson in the United States Senate in 1895.

Des Moines, Iowa, Jan. 16.—(Special.)—Congressman John H. Gear, ex-governor of Iowa, and known all over the West as "Old Business," was nominated by the Republican legislative caucus last night for United States Senator to succeed the Hon. James F. Wilson, whose term expires on March 4, 1895.

Governor Gear is one of the most prominent leaders of his party in the United States, and has always been a power in its high councils. Although 69 years of age, he is an active man, and has always borne the brunt of the battle in Iowa.

In 1863 he was elected mayor of Burlington, which was his first public position. Later he served in the legislature, and was for four years speaker of the Iowa House of Representatives. He was elevted governor in 1878, and served two terms, declining a nomination for a third.

He was elected to the Fiftieth Congress, and was re-elected to the Fifty-first.

In the latter Congress he was a prominent member of the ways and means committee, and was a valuable and powerful supporter on the floor of the policy of Reed and McKinley. In the Democratic landslide of 1890 Governor Gear was defeated for a third term by ex-Congressman Seerley.

When he retired from Congress he was appointed assistant secretary of the treasury by President Harrison, and was a valuable man in the treasury department. He defeated Mr. Seerley in 1892, and was elected for the third time to Congress, where he is now serving. In the present contest seven candidates originally entered the field.

Of these, Gear had the largest number of supporters, and, as expected, had th largest number of votes on the first ballot. Interest was intense upon the assembling of the caucus. It was voted no nominating speeches be allowed, and that the ballot be secret. Gear was nominated on the third ballot, receiving fifty-seven votes.

The Formal Election.

The legislature to-day took formal action on the United States Senatorship. John H. Gear, the Republican caucus candidate, was nominated in the Senate by Senator Harmon, and ex-Governor Horace Boles's name was placed in nomination on behalf of the Democrats by Senator Harper. Roll call followed, and the vote stood: Gear, 33; Boles, 11. In the House the vote stood: Gear 77, Boles 17, W. H. Butler 1. A joint convention of the Senate and the House will be held tomorrow to canvass the vote which makes Gear United States Senator from Iowa.

WAGES CUT IN TWO.

Iron and Steel Men Discuss the Wilson Bill.

Pittsburg, Dec. 11.—At the annual meeting of the Iron and Steel Sheet Manufacturers' association held here the effect of the Wilson bill on the business was discussed. The proposed reductions amount to 78 per cent on the lighter grades, which are also those most largely imported, with proportionate reduction in the duty on the heavier sizes. J. G. Bottelle, president of the association, said that about 25 per cent of the country's capacity is idle, and that if the Wilson bill becomes law the result cannot but be disastrous. Under the McKinley law, during the last two years, the mills have increased by 50 per cent. Also it $15,000,000 is invested in the business, and employment is given to 16,000 workingmen. If the Wilson bill is passed this army of men must suffer reduction in wages of fully 50 per cent, if not more.

SIX THOUSAND WORKINGMEN

Meet in New York and Protest Against the Wilson Bill.

New York, Jan. 13.—About 6,000 workingmen assembled in Cooper Union last night to protest against the passage of the Wilson bill. Speakers representing all sections of the Unicn made vigorous speeches against the measure.

The following resolution was passed:

"Resolved, That we, irrespective of party affiliation, in mass meeting assembled, representing 50,000 operatives in every branch of industry, do earnestly protest against the passage of the so-called Wilson bill, or any measure of its character, or of any legislation which shall dwarf the established industries of the country."

HE CONFESSED HIS GUILT.

Cashier Baker Has Taken Many Thousands.

Philadelphia, Jan. 11.—Theodore F. Baker, for 20 years the paying teller of the Consolidated National bank, this city, confessed yesterday to President James F. Watson, that during the past twenty years he has stolen more than $47,000. He was arrested and held in $15,000 bail for trial in February. The man, who is his own accuser, has had the confidence of the bank officials for many years and his defalcation could only be possible by falsifying the individual ledger accounts, to which he had access.

EVERYBODY WANTS IT.

Counterfeit Money in Great Demand by Prominent People.

St. Louis, Jan. 12.—The decision in Washington in regard to would-be purchasers of green goods promises to result sensationally. Inspector J. P. Johnson says that among 1,800 persons who wrote to the green goods men are physicians, lawyers, and other professional men all over the United States, and particularly in Illinois, Missouri, Arkansas, and Wyoming. Letters applying for spurious money, written by at least one ex-Congressman, a candidate for Governor, and many federal and civic officials, are in the hands of the authorities.

Father Corrigan Dead.

Jersey City, N. J., Jan. 10.—Rev. Patrick

FATHER CORRIGAN.

Corrigan, D. D., of Hoboken, died at 8:45 last evening.

Fearful Wreck.

New York, Jan. 15.—A frightful accident occurred this morning on the west side of the Hackensack bridge on the Morris & Essex branch of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western railroad. The train which leaves Roseville at 8 o'clock crashed into the rear of the Dover express, telescoping two cars. Fifteen passengers in these two cars are known to have been killed and at least 25 are terribly injured.

Appeal in the Benton-Newby Case.

Springfield, Ills., Jan. 11.—An appeal to the Supreme court of the United States was perfected yesterday in the celebrated Benton-Newby case. Judge Allen fixed Benton's bond at $2,500, and the prospect is that he will be released from the penitentiary in a few days, pending action by the Supreme court.

OHIO WOOL GROWERS

Meet at Columbus and Denounce the Wilson Bill.

Columbus, O., Jan. 11.—(Special.)—The Ohio Wool Growers' association held its annual meeting here last night, Judge William Lawrence presiding. Judge Lawrence was re-elected president; David Harpster, vice president, and W. N. Cowden, secretary.

Resolutions were adopted protesting against placing wool on the free list, as proposed by the Wilson bill, urging the people to send remonstrances to Congress, declaring that the 80,000 wool growers of Ohio will oppose for nomination and election any candidate for Congress who will not aid in securing protection to the wool interests, and requesting the wool growers of the country to unite with the Patrons of Husbandry in securing needed protection.

Ben Hur Tribe Organized.

Crawfordsville, Ind., Jan. 16.—The supreme tribe of Ben Hur was organized here to-day, and the first election held. Representatives were present from all over the Northwest.

Money, Crops, Trade.

AN IMPROVEMENT NOTED SINCE THE YEAR BEGAN.

Several Large Establishments Have Resumed Operations—Iron and Steel Industries More Hopeful.

New York, Jan. 13.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: Business has distinctly improved since the new year came, and the gain is no longer visible only in speculative markets. It is the only kind of improvement that has in it possibilities of lasting, because it is based upon actual increase in the production by industries. As all reports agree, there is, perhaps, a little disposition to reckon the gain greater than it is as yet, but several large establishments have started with part forces, hoping to increase, and more smaller works have started than have stopped. Orders from dealers whose stocks approach exhaustion form a prominent cause; another is the widely prevalent impression that action at Washington will be more satisfactory than many have expected; and a belief that in any case the situation will not be changed until goods now in the works can be marketed has weight in some trades. Whatever the causes, even a moderate gain is most cheering.

The Iron Trade.

The output of pig iron to January 1 is reckoned by the Iron Age at 20,007 tons weekly, which is slightly less than December 1, though the Pittsburg authority makes it a little larger. In either case it is from 41 to 43 per cent less than a year ago, and stocks of unsold pig increased 19,457 tons in December, though they decreased as much in November. Several more furnaces have gone out this month, and less show no recovery. A Virginia firm has reduced the price of No. 1 foundry to $13 per ton, and finished products are weaker, steel billets and bars again making the lowest price on record, though the tone is more hopeful both here and at the West, with a little more business. Copper, tin, and lead are weaker.

The Wool Outlook.

Sales of wool for the week are 2,786,900 pounds at the three chief markets, against 5,805,500 last week, but there is more enquiry from worsted and carpet manufac